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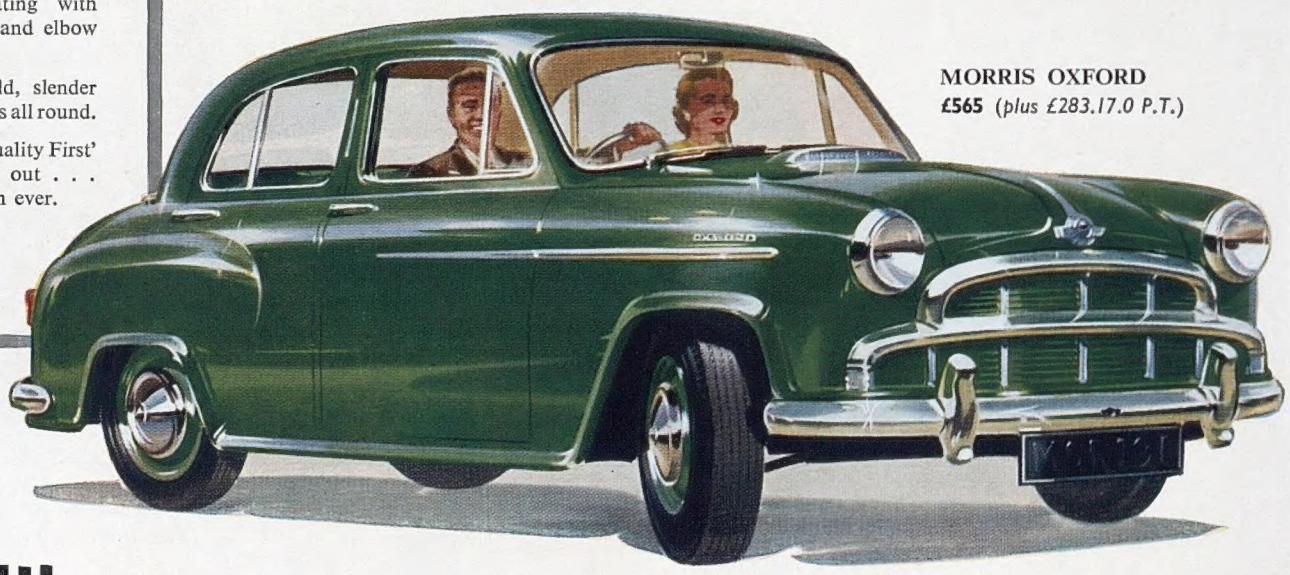

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C.C. 127B (56)

BARON TAKES TEA WITH THE LADY DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE

The Lady Douglas of Kirtleside, wife of Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, G.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., poses for a characteristic study by eminent photographer, Baron, in the sitting room of their modern flat in London. Lord Douglas was Commander-in-Chief of Fighter and Coastal Commands during the war. Later he was British Military Governor in Germany, and is now Chairman of B.E.A. Since her marriage last year, Lady Douglas has become a devotee of aviation: now she is learning to fly.

BARON: Now, Lady Douglas, I suppose I had better start right away —otherwise you'll be taking wing before I get you properly in focus.

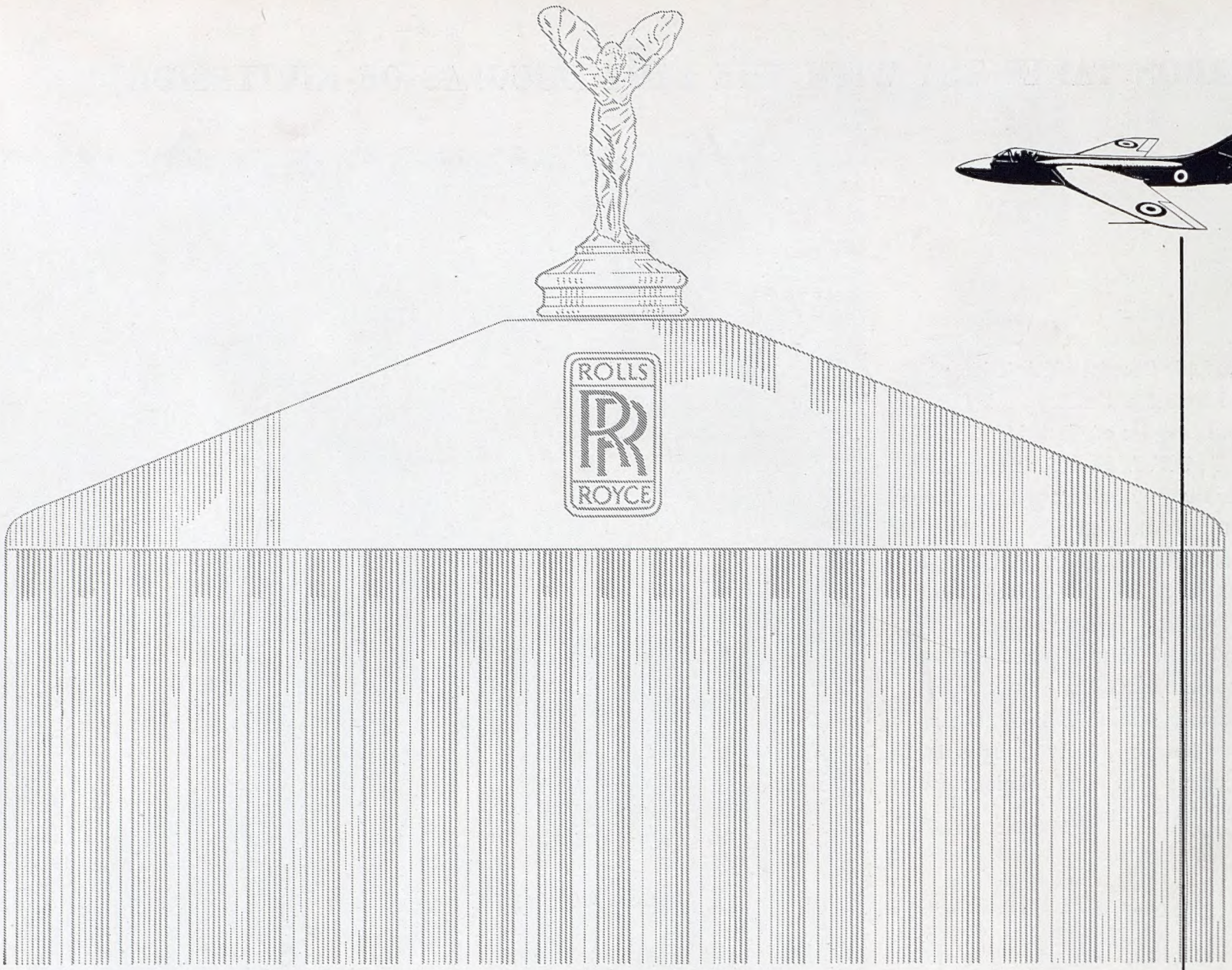
LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, much as I love the air, I do come down to earth sometimes, Mr. Baron. Anyhow, I've finished my flying lesson for today . . . so we do have a* little *time. Can I tempt you to a cup of tea?*

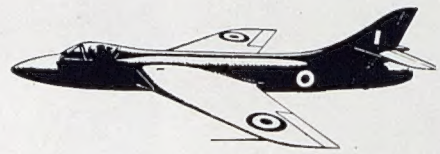
BARON: Indeed, you can. I've been eyeing that exquisite service with a mixture of envy and anticipation. Italian, isn't it?

LADY DOUGLAS: *Yes, it is. My husband picked it up some years ago on one of his visits to Rome. Actually, I should have had Wedgwood on the table . . . you see, my mother is a great-niece of Josiah Wedgwood.*

BARON: Really? Then this will be your own special blend of tea, too, I'll wager.

LADY DOUGLAS: *Well, yes and no. Actually, it's Brooke Bond 'Choicest' blend. We like it very much, and the great thing is we can simply order it with the rest of the groceries. Always fresh and no fuss. Take sugar?*





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Volume CCXXV No. 2930

The SPHERE, London, May 26, 1956

The SPHERE

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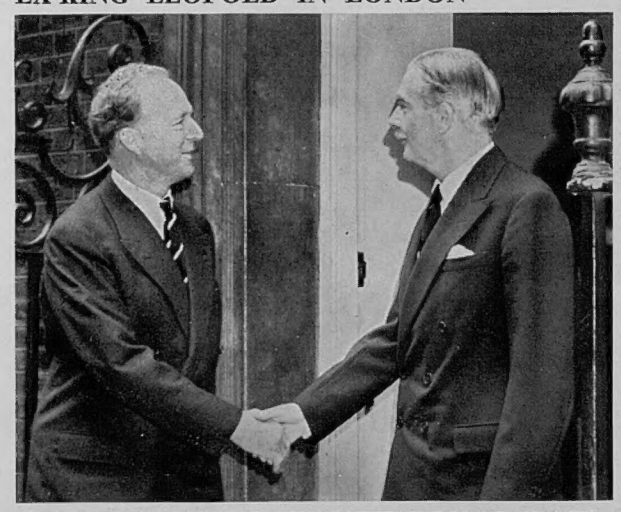
THE QUEEN AS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS—A NEW PORTRAIT BY RAYMOND KANELBA AT THE REGIMENT'S TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE : It shows Her Majesty dressed in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief, an appointment she has held since shortly after her accession in 1952. In the preceding year she had worn a similar uniform as Colonel of the Regiment when she deputised for her father at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour.

To celebrate the 300th anniversary of the Grenadier Guards a new portrait of the Queen, in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief, forms a centrepiece at the Regiment's Tercentenary Exhibition at St. James's Palace. The exhibition, which opens on Wednesday next and continues until June 23, traces the history of the Regiment from 1656 when Charles II, then in exile, founded the Regiment, down to the present day. The story of the Grenadier Guards through 300 years of peace and war is told by means of pictures and prints; relics and model uniforms; silver and china and by dioramas. Some of the exhibits have been loaned by the Queen from the Royal Collection, and these include a portrait by Winterhalter of the Duke of Connaught as a boy of five in the miniature uniform of a Grenadier officer. Prominent among the other exhibits are those which portray the Marlborough and Wellington eras, the Crimea and the two world wars. The dress of the Regiment throughout its history is portrayed by a group of twenty life-size figures dressed in the various uniforms, and grouped round the Throne in the Palace Throne Room.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

EX-KING LEOPOLD IN LONDON



THE FORMER KING OF THE BELGIANS MEETS THE PRIME MINISTER : King Leopold shakes hands with Sir Anthony Eden at the end of his visit to the Prime Minister at No. 10, Downing Street. On the previous day the King had been to Buckingham Palace as the guest at tea of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. This was the former King's first personal contact with the Royal Family for a number of years. King Leopold came to London from Enniskillen, where he had received the freedom of the town on behalf of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

TEN WICKETS FOR LAKER

THE SURREY AND ENGLAND OFF-SPIN BOWLER DISMISSES THE ENTIRE AUSTRALIAN TEAM AT THE OVAL : Jim Laker (left) is being congratulated by Ian Johnson, the Australian captain, after his great feat last week. He took all ten wickets, and his final figures were 46 overs, 18 maidens, 88 runs, 10 wickets. To commemorate the occasion, the ball was presented to Laker by Lord Tedder, president of Surrey County Cricket Club. On the next day Laker scored 43 runs in Surrey's total of 347. The only other Englishman to take all ten Australian wickets was E. Barratt, also a Surrey bowler, in 1878 at the Oval.

PAINTING WITH EGGS

THE ITALIAN PAINTER ANNIGONI CRACKS A DOZEN EGGS IN PREPARATION FOR PAINTING THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : He is making an egg-emulsive mixture with the eggs, oil, varnish and pigments and a little white wine. He can then lay this paint on thick, or dilute it with water. The diluted paint dries almost immediately so that he can overpaint it at once instead of waiting several days. The portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh is being painted for the Fishmongers' Company.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.* ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.*, £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.*, £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198 STRAND, W.C.2.

Crabb and Russia.—When a Prime Minister risks severe criticism both of himself and his Government departments by refusing to elucidate a matter raised in Parliament which is a legitimate subject for Opposition probing, and which leaves the whole nation puzzled and wildly guessing, we *must* assume that he has weighed his decision with meticulous care and that he is better placed to know that it was a right decision than are you and I and the political sleuths. We are compelled to leave the silence of Sir Anthony on the frogman mystery there, and wonder on in silence till Truth makes plain (if it ever does) how in the world *suppressio veri* can keep sweet the relations newly established between Russia and our Government, unless, of course, the whole truth, denied to Britain, has been supplied in a personal note to the Kremlin. We know that someone, somewhere, blundered and will perhaps be admonished. We are given to understand that the highest authorities and relevant Ministries were in the clear ; we accept it that the Secret Service must be given a degree of initiative denied to more open and orthodox services, even if we have long suspected that some of its "cloak-and-dagger" stuff is very unremunerative in results of its cost in (our) money. We know also that Russia would not hesitate to carry out an item of hospitality not by many Englishmen regarded as cricket. We must wait and see. The truth usually is extracted at last from the muddiest well. We must also wait and see if Russia's post-Crabb announcement of another "noble gesture"—another gigantic cut in conventional forces—is put into effect (our Secret Service will try to find out) ; and if it does begin to take effect, whether and how soon the U.S., France and Britain will follow suit. The U.S. will be in no hurry. She considers that noble gestures from the Kremlin may stem from economic or other necessities. It gives us the opportunity, it almost makes it a duty and a matter of honour, to begin at once to knock 25 per cent. off our present crippling expenditure on defence, with results to our strained economy which would instantly transfer us from the red to the pale pink, or even to the off-white. Why are we not throwing our hats in the air and exchanging our "flivvers" for Bentleys ? Presumably because truth and fiction have so much in common.

Get On or Get Out.—A thousa odd miners at two Glamorgan coal-pits have receiv notice that the pits are to close and their services to dispensed with on May 26. Why is this ? The pits a not worked-out. Coal is vitally needed. Miners are too few. The Coal Board has taken this reluct decision after a decade of effort to get the men w work these pits to play the game, to give up sensel strikes, restrictive practices and refusal to co-opera In 1949 the Steer pit was closed for eighteen mon from these causes and only reopened on a solemn prom by the men to carry out their side of the bargain. Ho ever, in 1955 there were forty-seven disputes or go-slo in the two pits. This year there had already be eleven more : 36,000 tons have been lost since 19 and the output at these two pits has consistently be far below the Division average. The latest strikes w called in protest against the dismissal of two men wh after repeated warnings, refused to honour their pledg And now it is for the N.U.M. to decide what action take. The miners' lodge chairman hopes, and expec that it will fight the decision all the way by all mea But that lodge is not particularly impressed by t policy of its union. The miners' case is : the closing the pits will render the valley derelict, as neighbour pits are fully manned. In short, local unemployme will result. A "Gilbertian situation," indeed ! Wh will happen ? It is a glorious test case and anybod

FIRST WOMAN CHAIRMAN OF THE CONGREGATIONALIST

THE REV. ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN IS INDUCTED IN LONDON : She is seen at the Westminster Chapel, in Buckingham Gate, during the ceremony when she was ma chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. On her ri is the retiring chairman, the Rev. W. G. Robinson. The first woman minis in the Congregational Union was ordained in 1919. There are now forty-thr

A Right Decision.—The world's Press was noticeably restrained or reticent about the execution of the Cypriots. One or two Left-Wing newspapers in Paris called it a gesture of cruelty which creates more difficulties than it solves. Another said that it ended a long friendship between Britain and Cyprus. Reticence and restraint certainly seem the right cards to play. It is true that the executions create new difficulties. It is impossible to pronounce that the difficulties which face the Government in Cyprus are greater by carrying out the clearly announced penalties for certain crimes than by surrendering to public clamour and making a nonsense of discipline and a mockery of the law. As for the long friendship between Britain and Cyprus, our soldiers there might well cry "Save us from our friends." For months on end they have suffered or taken hideous risks from the vilest and cruellest of all types of assassins. The Governor has had many hard decisions to make or to commend to the Home Government. I cannot believe that his decision to enforce the law in these two cases was among the hardest. Had he surrendered, he might just as well pack up and admit defeat. The law was made deliberately harsh after the most meticulous examination of the dangerous situation, with a full knowledge of the nature of the enemy to be defeated ; and, at this stage of the hideous business, quite certainly the best means of encouraging and lengthening the resistance would be to waver in determination or to give a handle to the assassins' belief that frightfulness can win the day and murder and foul reprisal cow the Government into surrender. The lesson of Mau Mau is to the point and a parallel. It is certainly an unfortunate coincidence that during the passage of the Private Member's Bill on the death penalty, reprieves in England of convicted murderers, some of whom had even less "excuse" for murdering, have become a matter of course.

guess. Will the Coal Board be beaten into submissi and reverse this final decision through the threa pressure or action of the N.U.M. or the sectional acti of splinter groups or one more "guarantee to operate" by the men concerned ? It will not surpri me if that happens. Such instances are not uncommo The principle of a worker's right to work, or not to wor in his own place at his own sweet will at his guarante wage, though his unsatisfactory output be a consta loss to the nation or his employer, is becoming established principle of "full employment." Often it backed by his union leaders, triumphs over the reluct show of firmness by management or public board, an if Government or Minister ventures on a gesture conciliation, that gesture usually results in one mo weak compromise, one more trial of the value of o more "guarantee" to co-operate.

What is an Arms Race ?—There firm indications that Israel will soon receive a furth supply of arms, some from Britain. Indeed, the proce has begun. Deliveries from Britain, it is added by local observer, will, of course, mean no change in Government's policy, which throughout has be opposed to a Middle East arms race. *But* Czech slovakian arms of Communist origin have been enteri Syria, and so on, and naturally something must be do to restore the balance. Casuistry and grubbling common and accepted weapons among Governments There is more force and beauty and value in a nicely turned phrase, a beautifully-worded formula than in th exposure of a naked truth, which is often shocking When is an arms race not an arms race ? When it is "natural restoration of balance." Well, that 's all rig if the little import from nation C to nation S is isolated incident, a once-for-all. The balance can

inconspicuously restored by a single delivery in a plain van by nation B to nation Y. But what happens to the beautiful formula if nation R decides to favour nation J or E with a small parcel of tanks or guns? The balance once more requires a "natural restoration." And one day the business begins to look (in the eyes of all but the formula-makers) extraordinarily like that vulgar, senseless and shocking thing, an "arms race." The British Government is consistently and firmly (repeat firmly) opposed to an arms race. Mercifully it has an expert team of nicely-turned-phrase makers.

Automation.—Naturally an old stager who still sits by the roadside in despair if his car conks out and never lifts the bonnet to look for trouble; who in his youth was always handicapped by inability to understand the simplest mathematical process—naturally such a man needs a good deal of coaching before pronouncing on the implications of automation. I don't like the word—it 's a word of fear unwelcome to a worker's ear. Modernisation would be better. I accept it that unless we modernise our plants and machinery, we shall never hold or recapture our markets or produce at competitive prices coal, cement, petrol, plastics, paper, wire, screws, steel, even bread. Fear of the consequences of automation is not reserved to workers in the industries chiefly or first affected. An ignorant layman needs to be convinced that automation must produce not less but more, and more interesting, work for men. The arguments to win over and convince the workers are already being marshalled and put out, and I mean to study them. These arguments must be strong enough to knock down some terrifying road blocks. For example: "In certain electronic shops robots are already doing in eighty seconds eight hours of human labour." "One factory has dispensed with 90 per cent. of its solderers and 50 per cent. of its electricians." Where are these redundant men to-day? How will they be employed when automation is complete and universal? The answer to that is at first hearing a hard and obscure one. They will be employed in designing and building newer and better automatic machines and controls to do the work formerly done by men. Does that mean they will become their own executioners? Apparently not. The new machines will demand the planning and redesigning of the articles formerly turned out by man-manned factories. The new designs must suit automation, be simpler, of higher quality and more lasting, and therefore cheaper to produce automatically, and more welcome in competitive markets. In short, in time more men will be employed to design and make automatic machines to make motor-cars, rails, screws, bread, buns, and so on, that now make, or will make, bread, buns, screws and motor-cars, etc.! Is this Gilbertian, is it a new vicious circle in (what must *not* be called) a new industrial revolution? Will there not be too many men designing and making too many machines turning out too many super-products for the available world markets to absorb? At this stage of my education in automation I am more frightened about glutted markets than about unemployment. Can a whole world subsist (with leisure and craftsmanship to enjoy) by merely "taking in each other's washing"?

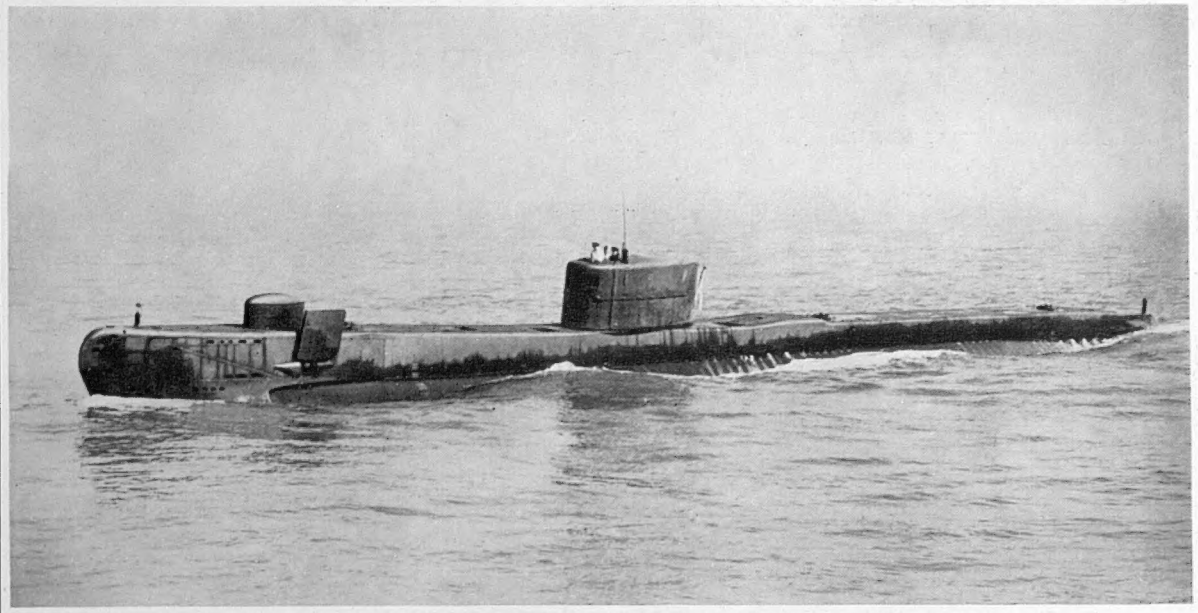
An Example from the Top.—I am reluctant to prophesy. When I do, I am usually wrong. But I did put my shirt on a recent very safe bet, and my shirt is back on my back. Whatever claims M.P.s may have, or think they have, to higher pay, it was unthinkable that the Government should implement them in 1956. As I ventured to say, to do so would be to shake down the edifice of Parliament in ruins with one blast of cynical laughter from the nation. Restraint . . . my foot! And so Sir Anthony saw it, and recognised that M.P.s are not alone among the classes and sections and professions who find their incomes too small for the battle of life and the prosecution of their duties. There will be sore hearts at the decision, but perhaps a sense of proportion will act as a salve. I recall an old cartoon from a dusty volume of *Punch*:

Scene: Precincts of House of Commons.
P.C.: You can't pass 'ere, sir.
CITIZEN: Why?
P.C.: Parliament 's assembling.
CITIZEN: Why?

We all think our jobs important and deserving of adequate reward. And if you are inclined to set at the head of your roll of employments Ministers and M.P.s, try a test of memory. Ask yourself, or perhaps ask your most know-all acquaintance to name four out of the last ten holders of any political portfolio or high office other than those of Premier, or Foreign Secretary, and crown him as a wizard if he can do the job. And what goes for Ministers goes for M.P.s. *Où sont les neiges d'antan*? The most magnificently impressive snow-man melts quickly under to-morrow's sun, and a brief study of history and social history convinces one that no man is indispensable and very few important. We must all flog on with our jobs and tighten our belts and (if possible) our hat-bands. Meanwhile, the Houses of Parliament are in recess. The members are enjoying the sunlight in exchange for the limelight with the gratifying feeling that their duty has been done.

THE OLD STAGER

A NEW PICTURE OF BRITAIN'S EXPERIMENTAL HIGH-SPEED SUBMARINE



H.M.S. "EXPLORER" HAS BEEN PROVISIONALLY ACCEPTED INTO SERVICE WITH THE ROYAL NAVY: In the new vessel, hydrogen peroxide replaces oxygen as the necessary element for combustion, thus enabling great distances to be covered without surfacing. There is no need for a "Snort" intake, and the traditional conning-tower is dispensed with. Built by Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness, and commanded by Lieut.-Commander L. R. Bell-Davies, R.N., she has an extreme length of 225 ft. 6 ins. and a beam of 15 ft. 8 ins. *Explorer* is not armed and has a peacetime complement of four officers and nineteen ratings. She will be used as a fast underwater target to train surface forces in the tactics which would be required to destroy submarines with high speeds. The *Explorer's* special turbine machinery has been developed under the direction of the Admiralty at Vickers-Armstrongs. She is fitted with the latest escape devices.

AN APPEAL FOR THE THAMES SAILING BARGES

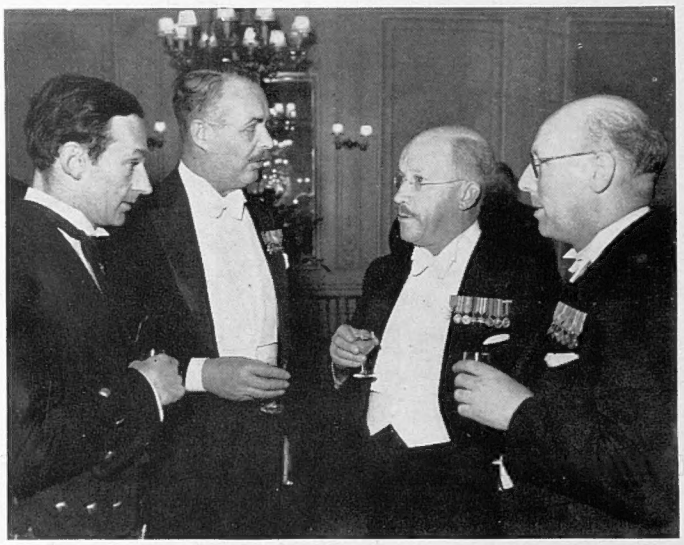
THE SAILING BARGE "MEMORY" LYING ASTERN OF THE "WELLINGTON" DURING A CEREMONY IN LONDON: Earlier, the Lord Mayor, Alderman Cuthbert Ackroyd, had boarded her from a police launch and unfurled her colours as part of the ceremony to launch an appeal to save these craft from extinction. The appeal is organised by the Sailing Barge Preservation Society, of which Sir Alan Herbert is one of the two vice-presidents. The *Memory* was built at Harwich in 1903-4 and so far the Society has paid £500 towards her purchase. £10,000 is required to complete the purchase, put her into running condition and buy a second barge. She may be used for carrying grain between Ipswich and London.

GENERAL GRUENTHER VISITS EDINBURGH

With the Royal Scots; at the Castle; the Banquet in the Assembly Rooms

GENERAL GRUENTHER IN EDINBURGH: The Supreme Allied Commander, Allied Forces in Europe, who visited Edinburgh last week, talks to bandsmen of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots on the Castle Esplanade. In the distance beyond the roofs of Edinburgh is Arthur's Seat.

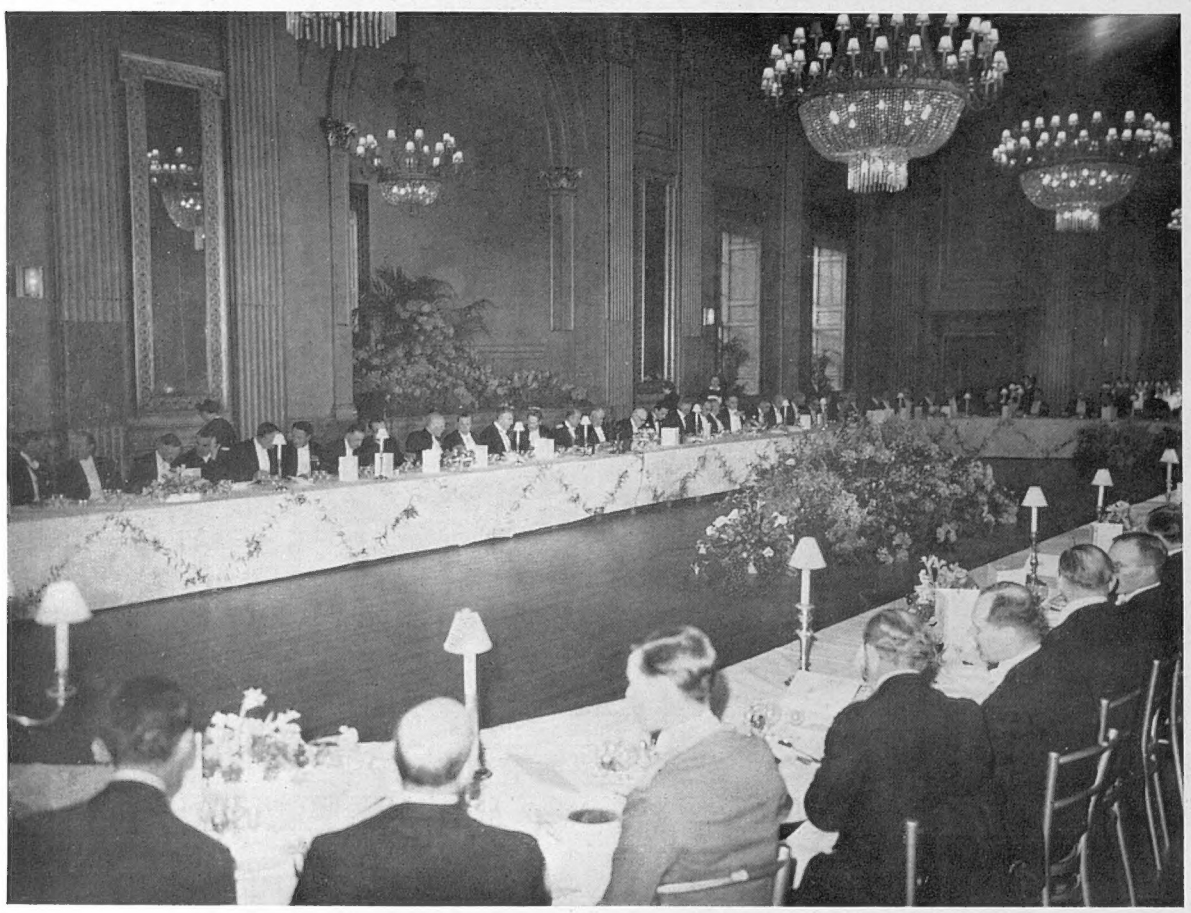
The General's tour included visits to the City Chambers to meet the Lord Provost, Sir John G. Banks; to St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh Castle and the Scottish-American War Memorial.



On right—
DISTINGUISHED SCOTS: The guests at the banquet in honour of General Gruenther, given in the Assembly Rooms by Mr. Roy Thomson, included, from left to right: The Earl of Wemyss; Brigadier Bernard Fergusson; Mr. Eric Linklater; and the Lord Provost of Dundee.

ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE CASTLE: Mr. Roy Thomson points out the sights of Edinburgh to General Gruenther (third from right) from the walls of Edinburgh Castle. In the right foreground is Brigadier L. L. Cross.

A SCOTS TRADITION: Edinburgh Police Pipers march past the tables before the banquet for General Gruenther begins. The General is third from the right. On his right is the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. Thomson is on his left.



GENERAL GRUENTHER MAKES AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH: He is addressing the company at the banquet in the Assembly Rooms in Edinburgh. The Supreme Allied Commander analysed the recent announcement from Moscow of reduction in the Soviet armed forces which, he said, he welcomed "cautiously," if it could be considered a forerunner of additional Soviet moves. *On left*—A general view of the banquet in progress in the Assembly Rooms. Distinguished representatives from many walks of life in Scotland were present.

SINGAPORE TALKS FAIL

The Breakdown of the London Conference on the Colony's Future

MR. MARSHALL AFTER THE BREAKDOWN OF THE CONFERENCE : The Chief Minister of Singapore makes a statement to reporters in Carlton Terrace, London, after the talks with the British Government on the constitutional future of the colony reached deadlock. *Right*—Mr. Marshall arrives at No. 10, Downing Street, to see the Prime Minister.

LEADER OF THE PEOPLE'S ACTION PARTY : Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, a member of the Singapore delegation, sips tea as he talks at a Press conference in London.

After three weeks of discussion in London, the conference between Britain and representatives of Singapore on the future constitutional status of the Colony ended in deadlock. This result was not unexpected. It had been hoped that an agreement would have been reached which would give Singapore a very large measure of independence. But the talks foundered on the question of defence. The British view was that to protect the great naval base from the danger of Communist subversion from within, the British Government should have special powers to intervene in internal security in a self-governing Singapore. This plan was unacceptable to the all-party delegation from Singapore, led by Mr. David Marshall, the Chief Minister. Mr. Marshall dubbed the British proposal as being "like Christmas-pudding with arsenic sauce." Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, who led the British representatives, stated that the offer provided the "widest measure" of internal self-government "compatible with security."

Both he and Mr. Marshall made last-minute efforts to reach compromise. On one occasion they met for tea in Mr. Lennox-Boyd's home, but the only consolation Mr. Marshall obtained was a bloom of red camellia, which he said he had never seen before, from the Colonial Secretary's garden. However, Mr. Marshall was handicapped by the fact that some of his colleagues on the Singapore delegation were opposed to any compromise. Chief among them was Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the People's Action Party.

CONSOLATION FROM A FLOWER : After a fruitless conversation with Mr. Lennox-Boyd at his home, Mr. Marshall leaves with a red camellia which the Minister had given him from the garden.

AN EVENING OF RELAXATION : Mr. David Marshall chats with Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, and Lady Lennox-Boyd, in the foyer of the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. They attended a performance there on the day the Constitutional Conference ended in failure.

A GROWING COMMUNITY OF A RESPONSIBLE WEST AFRICAN PEOPLE: A distant view gives a clear impression of how the town of Ho, in Togoland, is expanding in modern style. This was one of the centres in which the people of British Togoland, on the eastern border of the Gold Coast in West Africa, voted in the recent plebiscite to decide whether they should unite with an independent Gold Coast, or remain under the present British administration, which is under a trusteeship from the United Nations.

"JOIN THE GOLD COAST": A large crowd is attracted in Ho by a loudspeaker van of the Convention People's Party during a meeting before the plebiscite in Togoland. The C.P.P. was the principal party advocating integration with the Gold Coast and polled the majority of votes. But the final decision for Togoland's future rests with the United Nations.

PLEBISCITE IN TOGOLAND

The People of a Little-known Part of West Africa Decide their Future

IN A POLLING BOOTH: An aged elector collects her ballot paper and has her thumb marked with ink by the polling clerk to show that she has recorded her vote.

British Togoland provides a splendid example of the development of an African people under British administration in the mid-twentieth century. The territory, with an area of 13,041 square miles, consists of the western part of the old German colony, which lies between the Gold Coast and Dahomey. In 1884 it became a German Protectorate, and for the next thirty years was subjected to the severity of German colonial policy. However, in August 1914 it was surrendered unconditionally to the Allies and after the First World War the area was divided between Britain and France under a League of Nations mandate. After the Second World War Britain entered into a trusteeship agreement with the United Nations for British Togoland.

Up to now the territory has been administered as part of the Gold Coast. But this month the Togolanders have made a great step forward. They have voted in a plebiscite to decide their political future. This was the first plebiscite ever held by the United Nations in a Trust Territory.

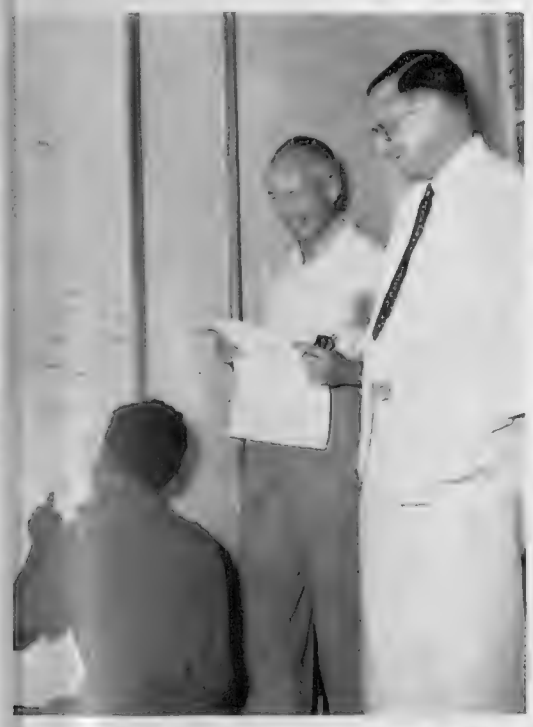
The voters were faced by a simple choice of alternatives. Either they could choose to unite, under British administration, with an independent Gold Coast, for this Colony is to become self-governing under the current plans of Whitehall; or the Togolanders could opt to remain separate, under British administration, from the Gold Coast and continue under trusteeship, pending the ultimate determination of their political future. Briefly the choice was between integration or trusteeship.

On plebiscite day, 82 per cent. of a total electorate of 194,432 recorded their votes. The majority were in favour of integration with the Gold Coast. However, the final decision rests with the United Nations. The matter is expected to be on the agenda for the U.N. Assembly next December.

In the past few months during the preparations for the plebiscite, and while the voting itself was in progress, all concerned have been most impressed by the sense of political responsibility shown by the people of British Togoland. The United Nations sent a team of twenty-three officers, led by Señor Espinosa y Prieto as Plebiscite Commissioner. Sir John Dring, formerly of the Indian Political Service, was the Plebiscite Administrator. These officials started work at the beginning of the year.

Their first task was the preparation of the voting registers and the hearing of claims and objections before Revision Officers. Then ballot-boxes, screens and other equipment for the 400 polling stations had to be gathered and some 1,500 African presiding officers and polling assistants recruited and instructed in their duties. Cinema

RIVAL POLITICAL PARTIES IN TOGOLAND: *Left*—Mr. S. G. Antor, General Secretary of the Togoland Congress Party, addresses a meeting in Ho. His party is opposed to integration with the Gold Coast, preferring the alternative of remaining under British Trusteeship until the territory can decide its own political future. *Right*—A speaker of the Convention People's Party explains the significance of the pointing finger on the clenched hand. With this symbol the C.P.P. campaigned for integration.



WATCHING THE RESULTS: Sir Charles Arden Clarke, Governor of the Gold Coast, and Sir John Dring, the Plebiscite Administrator (extreme right), watch a map in Ho, on which results of the plebiscite are being posted by districts as they come in.

EAGER VOTERS IN TOGOLAND: *Left*—A local chieftain, Togbe Afede Asor II, is the first of a line which has formed soon after dawn outside a polling booth in Ho before the start of the voting at 6 o'clock in the morning on plebiscite day. *Right*—In Jasikan, another important centre, the voters queue for their turns to record their decisions.

THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE SCORE: Results are chalked on a giant board in Jasikan. The left-hand column shows the votes for integration, the right-hand column those against.

vans toured the countryside explaining to the population the various points of voting procedure. Pamphlets in the appropriate languages were also issued for this purpose.

Simultaneously the political campaigns gathered momentum. The Convention People's Party backed the movement for integration with the Gold Coast. The Togoland Congress Party favoured remaining under Trusteeship. The latter party was strongest in the south of the territory, where the Ewe people predominate.

Both parties adopted easily understood symbols, which were used also to make the choice quite clear in the balloting. On plebiscite day the voters turned out in large numbers and clearly showed that they were fully determined to make the most of the unique opportunity being offered them. Indeed, as one report put it, their conduct might have been the envy of more developed communities.

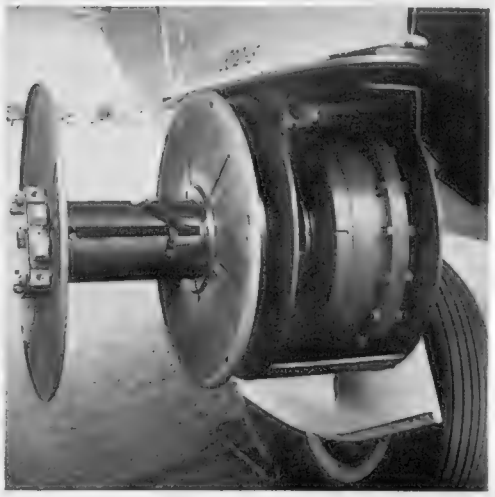
A POLLING NIGHT PARTY: Voters in Ho relax for an evening of entertainment after the serious business of polling day. In this respect, and in every other, the people of Togoland showed themselves very similar to the electorate in any other free democracy. Some 82 per cent. of the total electorate of 194,000 recorded their votes. Togoland was a German colony in the Kaiser's Empire until the beginning of the First World War.

A BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE

"Excelsior" is a New Banner-type Towing Target for the Fleet Air Arm

A new streamer target for towing behind aircraft is going into service with the Fleet Air Arm. It is in the form of a banner and has been christened "Excelsior." The usual means of towing a banner target is to lay it out flat on the runway, and the towing aircraft then takes off. At busy airfields this interferes with aircraft, so the target tower and the "attackers" must come from separate bases and make a rendezvous. The delays in co-ordination that occur sometimes cause the exercise to be abandoned. "Excelsior" removes these disadvantages. The target is carried on the aircraft itself and unfurled when required. Target plane and attacking aircraft can leave from the same base, at the same time. Attackers operating from an aircraft-carrier are not limited by the range of a shore-based target aircraft whose banner would prevent it from operating from the carrier.

AN AIRCRAFT FITTED WITH "EXCELSIOR," THE NEW STREAMER TARGET: Beneath the wing of this Hawker Sea Hawk Mark 4 can be seen the new "Excelsior" target apparatus. The long, narrow tube suspended under the wing contains the banner that will be paid out when the Sea Hawk is airborne. Development of the apparatus was carried out by No. 802 Squadron, Fleet Air Arm, at Lossiemouth.



THE "EXCELSIOR" APPARATUS: The long, narrow tube beneath the wing is attached to the aircraft's rocket launcher above it. Beyond the tube, the drum containing the wire cable on which the banner is paid out hangs from the bomb-rack. *On right*—The drum that holds the wire cable is empty. On its right is the fluid flywheel which balances the drum and allows the cable to run out smoothly. The fluid flywheel can be geared to wind in the cable as well.

A SECRET WEAPON? From this angle, the tube containing the banner streamer looks as though it might be a new type of rocket or bomb. A slip mechanism operated by a bomb-release unit enables the banner target to be released at any time. *On right*—At the right centre the wire cable can be seen leading from its drum into the open end of the tube containing the banner. Inside the tube, the other end of the cable is attached to a reel which is fastened to the banner.

H.M.A.S. "MELBOURNE" REACHES SYDNEY: The new aircraft-carrier moves past Garden Island (in the foreground) to her berth in the harbour. Beyond the ship is the Domain. Above on the skyline some of the buildings on Macquarie Street are on the extreme left and in the centre is the mast of the Amalgamated Wireless of Australasia building, with in front of it to the right the tall buildings of the British Medical Association and the Transport Department. On arrival at her berth *Melbourne* was ceremonially installed as the new flagship of the Royal Australian Navy by Rear-Admiral H. M. Burrell, Flag Officer Commanding the Australian Fleet. The aircraft-carrier displaces 20,000 tons full load. She was built in Britain by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness and was launched in 1945, but extensive modernisation and reconstruction work was carried out on her before her completion last year.

TWO NEW FLAGSHIPS

Australia's Latest Aircraft-Carrier in Sydney; British Shipbuilders Beat The Clock

A LINER COMPLETED A MONTH BEFORE CONTRACT DATE: The *Bergensfjord*, the new flagship of the Norwegian-America Line, sails from the Tyne on her first voyage across the North Sea. Her departure was a triumph for her builders, Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, of Wallsend-on-Tyne. They had been asked if they could complete her early enough for her to arrive in Oslo for Norwegian Independence Day, and although this meant her sailing a month before the finishing date specified by the contract, they succeeded in carrying out the request. Some craftsmen left the ship only an hour before she sailed. The liner, of 18,750 tons, cost £4,500,000 to build. She embodies a number of revolutionary concepts, including an all-welded aluminium superstructure. The *Bergensfjord* will carry 875 passengers and is scheduled to operate on the Oslo-New York service.

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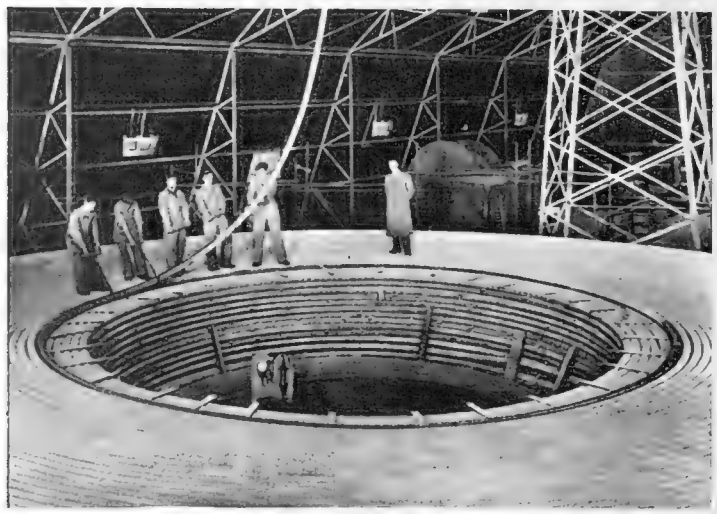
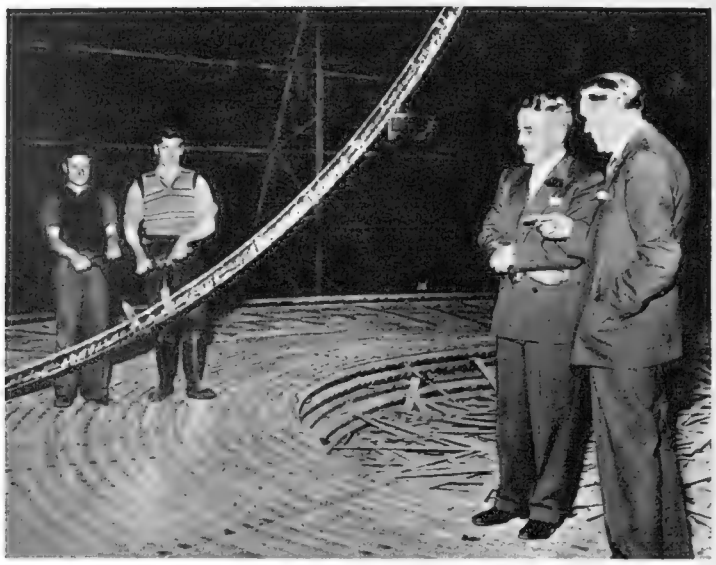
A REMARKABLE NEW SAFETY DEVICE FOR TRAWLER CREWS: *Left*—Members of the crew of a trawler dro into a self-inflating dinghy. *Right*—The dinghies move towards the small vessel in the backgroun Both these pictures were taken off Fleetwood, in Lancashire, during a demonstration of this ne safety device. The dinghy inflates itself in a matter of a few seconds and thus will be invaluable to any trawler in distress which carries it. The craft has a hood against the elements and can hold three men with ease. Its presence should certainly reduce the number of casualties among Britain's deep-sea fishermen. Last year seventy-nine men died as a result of disasters to British trawlers. It is reported that the authorities are considering steps to make compulsory the equipment of trawlers with this valuable life-saver.

SAFETY FOR SAILORS

With Other Pictures of Land and Sea Travel; and a New Submarine Cable



COILING A 16-MILE LENGTH OF LANCASHIRE-MADE CABLE FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA: The last yards are being wound on to one of the huge cable stacks in the factory of British Insulated Callender's (Submarine Cables) Limited at Old Trafford, in Manchester. This completed the first stage of an order valued at over £1,070,000 for the supply and installation of 138,000-volt submarine cables for the British Columbia Electric System of Canada. The company is linking its high voltage system in the southern part of Vancouver Island with the hydro-electric resources on the mainland of British Columbia. Single-core cables, each sixteen miles in length, will link the island and the mainland.



THE VANCOUVER SUBMARINE CABLE: Mr. W. A. McAdam, Agent-General in London for British Columbia (on extreme right), discusses a point with Mr. W. H. McFadzean, Chairman of British Insulated Callender's, while watching the coiling of the cable for British Columbia.

AN AMPHIBIAN ON A ROUND-THE-WORLD TRIP: The *Half Safe* sails into the harbour of Hong Kong. Standing by the mast is the Australian Ben Carlin and sitting in the stern is Barry Henley. They are sailing round the world in their amphibious vehicle, and in Hong Kong they drove it ashore and made a tour of the streets. *Half Safe* began its round-the-world journey from Montreal in 1955 and sailed across the Atlantic. Before reaching Hong Kong it had been in Indo-China. To complete the journey the vehicle will travel over the North Pacific and the American mainland.

A LIGHTWEIGHT TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES: The *Xplorer* runs on engineering tests between Chicago, Illinois and Elkhart, Indiana. This lightweight train is scheduled to be put into service to-morrow (Sunday) by the New York Central Railroad. It will operate in Ohio between Cleveland and Cincinnati. It has already been shown to the public in various places in Ohio. The *Xplorer* is the first example of what is known in America as the Train X concept, which has been advocated for several years by the Chairman of the New York Central Railroad, Mr. Robert H. Young. The locomotive was built by the Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corporation of Philadelphia, and the coaches by the Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company, of Chicago.

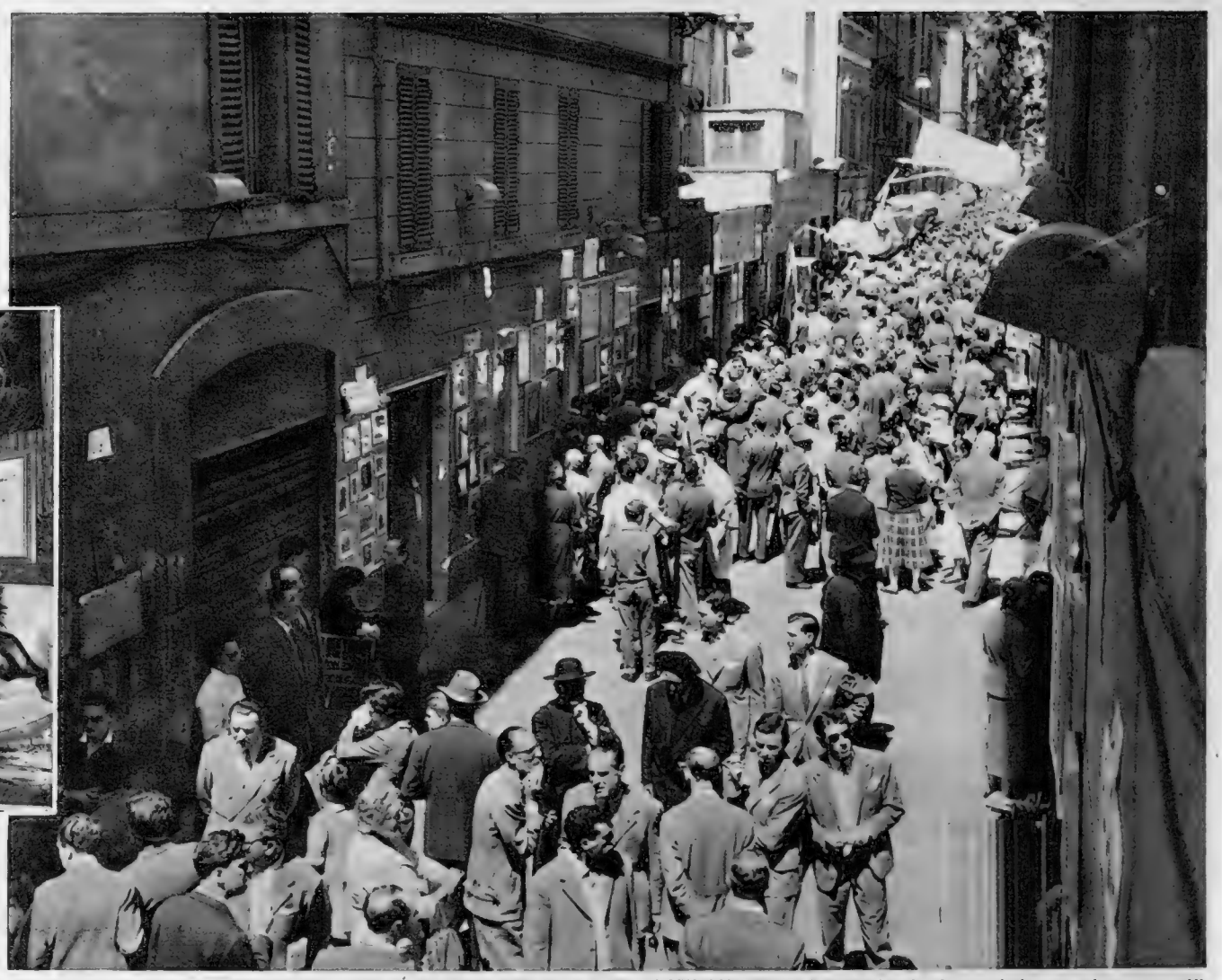
A NEW AUSTIN MODEL: The British Motor Corporation has announced a new high-performance Austin, the A105, a five-seater saloon with large boot, which is claimed to be capable of nearly 100 m.p.h. The emphasis is on comfort and luxury, as well as on performance. Air-conditioning, heating and windscreen demisting are standard fittings, and leather upholstery is used. Other standard equipment includes twin fog-lamps and wing mirrors, windscreen washers, hooded headlamps, whitewall tubeless tyres, and a semi-automatic overdrive unit operating through the accelerator pedal on third and top gears that gives six forward speeds. The wheel-discs are slotted to help brake cooling. The Austin A105 is available in a number of two-tone colour schemes: various combinations of green, beige, grey, blue and black. For added safety, the top of the fascia is padded and covered in leather cloth, and catches on the rear doors prevent them being opened by children. The basic price is £739, to which purchase tax of £370 17s. is added. The car has a 6-cylinder overhead-valve engine with twin S.U. carburettors that is claimed to give 102 b.h.p. at 4,600 r.p.m. The gear ratios are 4.1 top (2.87 overdrive top), 5.89 third (4.12 over-drive third), 9.1 second, and 13.57 bottom.

A NEW TYPE OF SHIP'S LIFEBOAT: The *Dana-Rescuer* lifeboat is seen during a trial trip off Esbjerg, in Denmark. It has been constructed to the design of Mr. Claus Soerensen, Director of the Danish-Greenland Fishing Company. The boat is 20 ft. long and 7 ft. wide and is made of steel. The hollow foremast combines the functions of radio aerial and ventilator for the cabin. It will launch itself automatically from a ship sinking into the water and carries enough fuel for ten days' sailing.

ITALIAN MEDLEY

An Open-air Art Exhibition in Rome; and the Annual Fish Fry at Camogli, near Genoa

COMFORT AT AN ART EXHIBITION: Novella Parigini, an Italian artist, relaxes in a deck-chair near her exhibits at an open-air show in Rome. The exhibition, the fourth of its kind, is being held in the Via Margutta, in the artists' quarter.



A STREET ART GALLERY IN ROME: A mixed crowd throngs the narrow Via Margutta, in Rome, during the open-air showing of work by the city's artist colony. The exhibition, which is on the way to becoming an annual event, was opened this year by the Mayor, Signor Rebecchini. Many of the artists whose pictures are hung on the old walls are from other countries. The annual show enables them not only to sell a few of their paintings, but also to gain a little publicity in bringing their work before the critics' eyes in an attractive setting.

A HUNGRY CROWD: Hundreds of people queue near the quay in the port of Camogli, Italy, to receive their share of fried fish. On the right can be seen the huge frying-pan which was tended by thirty cooks, all of them fishermen. *On right*—This frying-pan is 15 ft. wide.

AN ANNUAL FISH FRY: The people of the little Italian port of Camogli, about 15 miles from Genoa, press forward to help themselves to the free meal of fried fish which is offered to them annually on the occasion of the Feast of San Fortunato. It is an old tradition, which still persists, in popular belief that if you eat fish on this feast day you will have luck and prosperity for the coming year. The cooks, all of them local fishermen, used a 15-ft.-wide iron bowl as a frying-pan and filled it with 1,200 quarts of olive-oil for frying the fish.

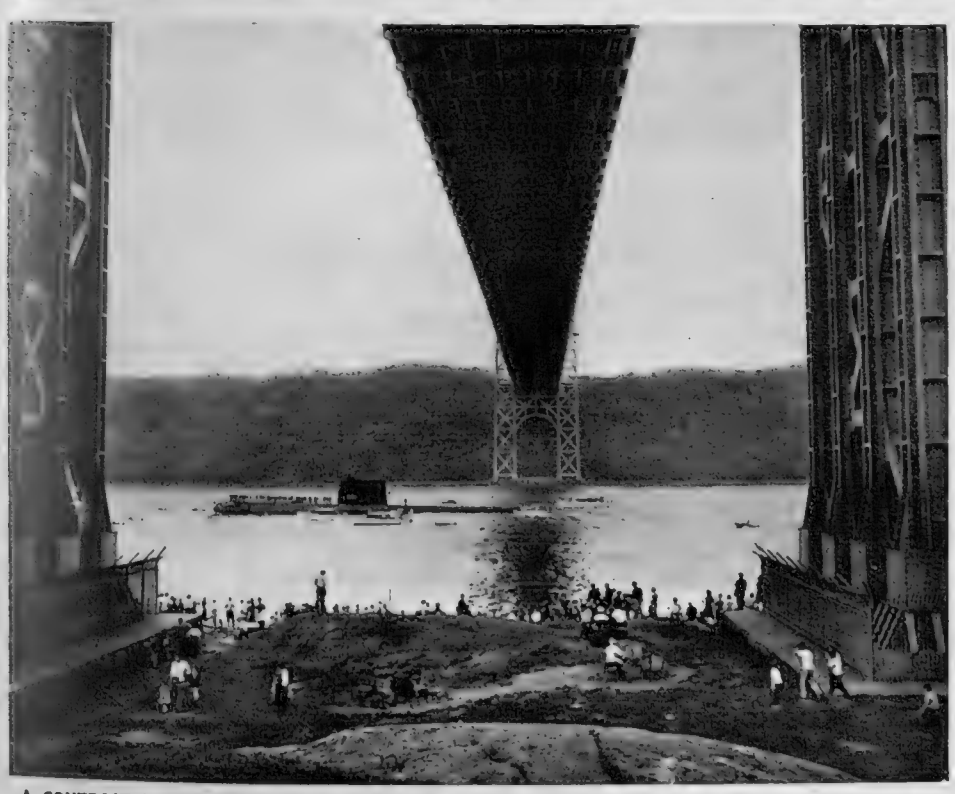
"NAUTILUS" VISITS NEW YORK

The First Atom-Submarine on the Hudson; New York through a Periscope

SHARK AND PILOT FISH IN THE HUDSON: The atomic-powered United States submarine *Nautilus* in the Hudson River, surrounded by a shoal of small craft. *Nautilus* was paying her first visit to New York Harbour, to mark the opening of Armed Forces Week this month. A dozen journalists travelled with her and were given a demonstration of her powers.

THROUGH THE PERISCOPE: *Top*—The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbour was photographed through the periscope of *Nautilus*. *Bottom*—The skyline of Lower Manhattan, New York, through the eyes of a submarine.

The United States Navy submarine *Nautilus* is the first in the world to be powered by an atomic reactor. She was launched early last year and displaces 3,000 tons. It is claimed that the atomic reactor, which is used to generate steam for the turbine engines, can carry *Nautilus* around the world without refuelling. If the reactor should fail, she carries conventional electric and Diesel engines as a reserve. *Nautilus* is the first of a proposed fleet of seven atomic submarines, and cost more than £10,000,000 to build. The crew numbers more than a hundred.



A CONTRAST IN SIZES: Even the big submarine *Nautilus* (3,000 tons) was dwarfed by the great bulk of the George Washington Bridge as she passed beneath it while on her cruise up the Hudson River. *Nautilus's* crew lined her decks as an interested crowd of spectators watched from under the great arch of the bridge. *On right*—In the conning-tower, the Commanding Officer (Commander E. P. Wilkinson) talks with his Gunnery Officer, Lt. Engle.

IN THE HEART OF NIGERIA : Once felled, the trunk is cut into 12-ft. sections to make transport easier over the difficult terrain. It is not possible to bring heavy machinery into the bush, so the axe is still used by the natives.

THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG JOURNEY TO THE SEA : Logs are rol down the banks into shallow water and poled into the mid of the river to be carried downstream by the flowing curre

TIMBER FROM NIGERI

The Logs make the Long Journey from the Jungle in the Heart of the Colony to the Harbour at Lago

THE JUNGLE CLEARING : In an open clearing the logs are inspected and trimmed. The clearings lie at the heart of a series of narrow paths just wide enough for a tractor, branching out into the jungle, like the spokes of a wheel from the hub.

THE HAZARDS OF BUSH ROADS : The logs are carried on a lor during the initial stages of their long journey. They a transported over the tortuous jungle paths until they rea the launching site on the main river, where they are unloade

The forests of Nigeria are as old as time. For centuries the leaves have fallen carpet by carpet, to produce the rich tropical undergrowth which makes the Nigerian forest reserves the richest in all Africa. For many years wood was imported, but with the present development schemes and judicious use of foreign capital, trees are being exported all over the world.

All land in Nigeria belongs to the Government, which leases it according to tribal and family claims. No white man in the country can own land, but areas of bush can be leased for the purpose of tree-felling. A piece of land cleared of its valuable timber is still extremely profitable from the landlord's point of view, for it can be rented to a small farmer. The Forestry Department, are, however, guarding their profitable forests which are divided into areas of 100 square miles. Of these, one square mile is rented every year, so that each seedling tree has 100 years to reach maturity. In the past, large areas of land were used for raising artificially planted hardwood trees. It was found, however, that the trees did not grow straight, and that they branched very low down, causing knots in the wood.

A first-class tree for commercial use can only be produced under normal conditions so that it has to fight its way up through the creepers and undergrowth to the sunshine.

To rent bush in Nigeria is not an easy business. The price of a holding depends on the number of usable trees in the area, and this depends on the vagaries of the market. Pre-war mahogany was the most eagerly sought-after ; now, however, with contemporary design, and the desire for bright colours and shapes, lighter woods head the market. The trees of abeche and iroco, which resemble light oak when polished, are finding their way in increasing quantities to Lagos.

The timber merchant's first task is to hack the way through the forest to his holdings. Rivers and swamps frequently cut the path, and these must be bridged. A clearing is then established in the middle of the holding, and from this small paths branch out like spokes in a wheel. The trees are felled by axe about 6 ft. from the ground. Once felled, the trunk is divided into 12-ft. lengths. The top and branches are cleared and the log is dragged to the clearing. There it is chained into position for its lorry journey to the river. Ropes must be made very secure, for a log which falls from the lorry can block a road for days.

Transport and roads are the timberman's chief headache. Wood is a heavy commodity, and on the switchback of bush roads transport suffers great punishment. A constant maintenance yard operates at full pressure, servicing bodies, engines and wheels. To reduce this wear and tear, a constant road gang operates, filling in holes and ditches. When the bush is completely cleared marketable timber, the Native Authority takes ov the road.

Owing to transport costs, a reserve near a river invaluable, for then the logs can be put into the wat as near to the clearing as possible. Apart from this, on a log is cut, it may split from the hot sun if it is left in t forest or will very quickly be used as a home by th thousands of worms who spoil the timber by their t roads. The logs collect in a quiet pool in the river, t they number about 100 to 150. They are then wire together and form a raft to float the 120 miles to Lago Two to four men pole them to the coast, living on t raft in a small hut for the long journey.

A FLOATING LIVING-ROOM : Two or three rivermen accompany each group of logs on the journey down-river to the sea. They eat and sleep in small huts, which they build on the timber rafts. The huge logs are lashed to each other with strong ropes and wire, making a firm and compact base for the temporary quarters.

RAFT-BUILDING ON A GRAND SCALE : The logs are lashed together in groups of between 100 and 150 for their passage down the River Niger to the coast at Lagos.

BOTH PRIMITIVE AND MODERN : A system of pulleys erected on rough wooden trunks is used to hoist the logs on to the lorry which will carry them to the river.

IN CENTRAL NIGERIA : The town of Ondo lies under a tropical sun in the middle of the colony. Around it is the beginning of the jungle from which Nigeria hopes to gain a great deal of her future wealth. The Forestry Department schemes are making sure that there will be no problem of denudation in the years to come.

STOCKHOLM'S GUEST-SUITE FOR THE QUEEN

A Floor of the Palace is Being Prepared for the Royal Visit

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh go to Stockholm next month for their State visit to Sweden, they will stay in the special West Guest-Suite of the Royal Palace, which has been used as a State Suite for visiting Royalty since the early nineteenth century. The suite is on the second floor of the Palace and, like the other main apartments, it is planned so that the large drawing-rooms are on the outside. It was furnished in the 1760's from designs by Rehn, for Duke Fredrik Adolf, the youngest brother of Gustav III, and some of the rooms were repainted at the end of the nineteenth century in the dull and heavy range of colours fashionable at that time. The suite is composed of the guard room ; the Empire salon ; the bedroom ; the dressing-room ; the little drawing-room and the Meleager salon, which derives its name from the tapestries that adorn its walls. They were brought to the Palace in 1680 by the Danish Princess Ulrika Eleonora when she married Karl XI. The little drawing-room, now used as a writing-room, is in the "Pompeian" style which Louis Masreliez introduced to Sweden in the mid-1780's.

THE MELEAGER SALON IN THE GUEST-SUITE OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT STOCKHOLM: It forms part of the apartments which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will occupy during their State visit next month. The bust is of Karl XIV Johan (1818-44), first of the Royal Bernadottes, the French marshal who was elected King of Sweden.

FOR THE USE OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE: *Left*—This view into the salons is from the Bodyguards' Hall. The painting over the fire-place is of the Swedish King Karl X Gustaf, who died in 1660. *Right*—The furniture in the little drawing room, which will be used as a writing-room by the Duke, dates from the time of Karl XIV Johan. It was made by Louis Masreliez.

THE EMPIRE SALON: The painting is by Fahlcrantz and shows a sunny view of Pau, in the Pyrenees, the native town of the first Bernadotte. *On left*—This large State portrait of Louis XV, by Louis Michel Van Loo, was given to the Swedish Prince Fredrik Adolf during a visit to Paris in 1771.

THE LATEST MODEL OF THE BOEING B-52 STRATOFORTRESS: The new B-52C is seen on a test flight near Seattle before its delivery to the U.S. Air Force Strategic Air Command. The larger external fuel tanks under each wing-tip differentiate this model from earlier B-52s. The long-range bomber, which is reported to have a maximum speed of 650 m.p.h., is powered by eight Pratt and Whitney J-57 pure-jet engines, each developing more than 10,000 lb. of thrust.

AMERICA'S NEW H-BOMBER

The Inter-Continental B-52C Stratofortress on Test Flight for the U.S.A.F.

THE EXTERNAL FUEL TANKS OF THE NEW INTER-CONTINENTAL BOMBER: They are being hoisted under the wings of a B-52C and are believed to be the largest external fuel tanks ever fitted to an aircraft.

EXTRA FUEL FOR THE AIRCRAFT WHICH CARRIES THE LATEST H-BOMB: Looking like a miniature submarine, the external fuel tank is fitted to the wing-tip of a B-52C Stratofortress. It is the size of the fuel tanks which identifies the aircraft from earlier models of this type.

A longer range than ever is provided by the addition of new and larger fuel tanks on the B-52C—the latest version of the Stratofortress. The B-52C is now in production at Boeing's Seattle, Washington, plant, and is about to enter service.

The B-52A and B-52B Stratofortress, which already equip an entire wing of the U.S.A.F. Strategic Air Command, are the largest and longest-range jet bombers known to be in service anywhere. Their exact range is secret—but they are spoken of as being inter-continental.

The B-52C Stratofortress, which is pictured on this page, has eight J-57 jet engines of more than 10,000 lb. of thrust each. It weighs about 400,000 lb. and can operate at over 50,000 ft. The crew of six are all provided with means of emergency ejection. An aircraft of the B-52 Stratofortress series is reported to be engaged in the H-bomb experiments at Eniwetok Atoll.

THE UNDER-BELLY OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL AIRCRAFT: Around it are mounted the eight jet engines in their pairs and the vast tanks on the wing-tips. The pictures on this page are among the first of the new bomber to be officially released.

ABOVE AND UNDER THE SEA : A group of frogmen, using a rubber dinghy powered by an outboard motor, take part in the amphibious warfare demonstration which was held at Eastney Beach, Portsmouth. Helicopters, aeroplanes and various types of landing-craft were also used for the demonstration, which had the code name "Run Aground VII," and in which the Navy, the Royal Marines, the Army and the Royal Air Force were represented. The operation was primarily a Staff College exercise.

FROGMEN

A Demonstration of A
is Held at Eastne

OPENING A BEACH-HEAD : A section of frogmen prepare to clear a part of the beach with explosives. Their task is to clear a lane through the underwater mines and hidden obstacles so that the landing-craft and amphibious vehicles can reach the shingle. *On right*—The task nears completion and the frogmen prepare to slip back into the water. This phase of a landing would be carried out at night.

FROM ONE ELEMENT TO ANOTHER: These frogmen, who had parachuted into the sea, assemble their outboard-motorised rubber dinghy before carrying out the task assigned to them for the exercise. The dinghy was also dropped from an aircraft, together with the simple outboard motor. This phase of a frogman operation is usually carried out the night before an attack on a beach is started, but for the purposes of the demonstration it took place in full daylight as part of a condensed assault.

AT WORK

Amphibious Warfare Beach, Portsmouth

"Run Aground VII," the annual demonstration of amphibious warfare techniques, was held this year at Eastney Beach, Portsmouth, with the separate cliff assault at Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight. Taking part in the operations were the Special Boat Sections of the Royal Marines, including frogmen and canoeists launched by a seaward defence boat, and parachutists dropped from aircraft. The main beach assault was put in by elements of 42nd Royal Marine Commando, 1st Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers and some detachments from the Royal Tank Regiment. The artillery support on ground was supplied by a Field Regiment and a Light A.-A. Regiment, Royal Artillery. The Joint Experimental Helicopter Unit, a Support Flight of R.A.F. Transport Command, Naval Air Squadrons and ships of the Royal Navy also took part.

The object of this annual demonstration is to provide an exercise in Beach Head Assault for the Staff Colleges of the three Services. The most spectacular part of the operations is usually the attempt by frogmen to clear the beach approaches of mines and underwater obstacles before the main assault is put in from landing-craft and amphibious vehicles. The frogmen come from the Royal Marine Amphibious School at Eastney, Portsmouth, and are volunteers.

UP GOES A MINE: A marker (on right) signals that the frogmen have destroyed a mine by detonation. Any section of defended beach is usually sown with an elaborate system of mines and traps. The work of frogmen in the initial phases is thus very hazardous.

THE TRUTH ABOUT A DUCHESS

Some Details and Queries in the Career of Mary, Duchess of Bedford

By JOHN GORE

I HAVE always been more interested in biography than in any other form of literature, and in writing and reading it, I have reached a few settled convictions. One of them is that it is very seldom that a definitive biography of any public person can be achieved within a century of his death. And instantly the greatest biography—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*—rises to mind to upset that tenet. But perhaps it can be justified as an exception to prove the rule ; or otherwise.

In 1937 I was invited by the eleventh Duke of Bedford to prepare for private circulation a full biography of his wife, Mary, Duchess of Bedford, who had been drowned in the sea in her private aeroplane in March of that year. That she was one of the most remarkable talented and versatile women of her age I knew, and indeed she was " front-page news " for one of the least important facets of her achievement—as a pioneer in aviation in old age. I understood I should have a free hand, and all facilities were put at my disposal. But soon enough I discovered that it was to be a magnificent epitaph, a László-like portrait. There were to be no warts : all the dimples. All light and no shade. And, in the end, after minor engagements from which I never came off victor (for the Duke was used to having his own way), he planned and edited most of the book himself and it was not a definitive or balanced biography.

I have long regretted this. It would be a thousand pities if posterity never learned the truth about this quite outstanding woman, and I hope soon (having obtained the consents of the late twelfth and of the thirteenth Dukes) to complete a shorter biography of her, correcting errors, expunging flattery and glorification, fairly balancing the good and the bad in her character ; the superb talent and industry and the minor faults and failings. For the only criterion of greatness which I am prepared to accept as a biographer of human beings is success in overcoming human frailty.

The true portrait must contain the warts. In her life and since her death the recognition of her many qualities was always partial. She was known and esteemed by those who worked with her in this field or that. But her fields were so many that the extent of her versatility was never appreciated. And accordingly she has been much exposed to errors and misconception. To the popular Press she was little known as a news-item until in her old age she took to flying, and thenceforward she bore in their headlines the loose label of " The Flying Duchess."

The three-volume " epitaph " biography, in which I was concerned, was perhaps too rigorously guarded from the public. At least, it was accurate in a very large number of personal facts and supplied a great deal of information about her activities. But for the very reason that it was a László portrait, it called out a demand among the few who knew her best for a portrait at once more balanced, more realistic, less partial and necessarily less deliberately flattering. It was not by any means ill-conceived. A biography is perhaps easier to read if in the form of a continuous narrative based on all available documents and proofs. But often the true portrait best emerges if the subject is allowed to tell his own story from diaries, speeches and letters. And in the case of a woman as versatile and as ready a writer as the Duchess, the job of biography is much best left in her hands, even if that implies a loss of continuity in time.

Not perhaps unnaturally, since they knew a great deal about her, her son, the twelfth Duke, and her grandson, the thirteenth, published in the Press at various times a more critical estimate of her, and no one can deny that all authentic and soundly-based criticism is a vital component of a worth-while biography and is likely to enhance rather than to diminish the subject's claim to greatness.

Youth and Marriage.—She was the first Duchess of Bedford for many generations to come from the middle and not from the upper class. The younger daughter of Archdeacon Tribe, she was born in 1865 and was educated at Cheltenham College under Miss Beale and abroad. At sixteen years of age, she joined her family in India (in 1881) and remained with them until her marriage. Here she enjoyed the society of Peterhof under Lord Dufferin's Vice royalty and became popular with the staff and family, among whom as A.D.C. was Lord Herbrand Russell, second son and ultimate heir of the ninth Duke. She became engaged to him in 1887 and they were married in India next year. They returned soon afterwards to England, were warmly received by his family, entered the social life of their kind in their day for a few months, and found that it did not suit them. The ninth Duke died in 1891, the tenth in 1893, and Lord Herbrand succeeded as eleventh Duke to Woburn, Endsleigh, and a vast fortune, including a great slice of central London. The Duke thenceforth was to spend the bulk of a useful life on his estates and in Scotland. The new Duchess was to travel far afield from land to land and from activity to activity.

That Lord Herbrand was very much in love with Miss Tribe is unquestionable and he admired her greatly all his life. Her nature was neither sentimental nor romantic, but she gave him the companionship and loyalty necessary to a happy married life, and theirs, I think, should be so described. If they went their different ways, they shared a keen interest in natural history and in sport, and each relied on, and backed up, the other in all matters essential to married unity. Indeed, he was a devoted husband and she a loyal wife amid her innumerable preoccupations. I think she would have made a great life for herself if she had never married. She was not cut out for a Darby-and-Joan existence and lacked almost all the qualities of motherhood. The Duke would have welcomed a large family. Her first essay in child-bearing—and it has been described as extremely unpleasant—was enough for her. Their only child, Hastings, was indeed born before he was expected. Her marriage gave her the means—an astronomical personal income by our standards—to pursue and enlarge her girlhood dreams of service in nursing and many later projects, and it may be she saw in marriage a means of escape from parental domination.

"THE FLYING DUCHESS" : Mary, Duchess of Bedford (wife of the eleventh Duke), is seen in flying kit with Captain C. D. Barnard (left) and Captain J. B. Allen at the opening of an aerial circus tour at Luton, in 1931, the year after her flight to the Cape.

I do not think she was at any time influenced by rank or position, though in Victorian and Edwardian society those matters were important and customary. I think it proven that she never received a lukewarm welcome from the Russells and from society. On the contrary, it was she, with Lord Herbrand's concurrence, who, within a year of marriage and before succession, rejected London society and thenceforward rarely entered it beyond the bare demands of their position. They found the social round a waste of time and a squanderer of worthier efforts and in that decision they were entirely united.

Their Failure as Parents.—When their life at Woburn began in 1893, the new Duchess was able to command, as I have said, an enormous personal income, and she lost no time in trying out established interests and finding many new ones. No expense was spared to bring up their only child, Hastings, in the way he should go. The best teachers were employed. Miss Flora Green, recently Governess to the Kaiser's children, supervised his education and remained at Woburn for the rest of her life, a close friend of both parents. But the boy was " difficult " ; by nature shy and unhappy, he was denied the company of other boys. He was not responsive to the drilling of guardsmen, which the Duke's enthusiasm for all things military suggested as essential, and he was miserable at Eton. By the time the First World War came, he had developed strong pacifist principles which resulted in a bitter separation from his father and in little contact with his mother for decades. In his childhood, amid many preoccupations, she tried to instruct him in natural science, but she was much too hasty and quick thinking to succeed or to persist.

Yet the catalogue of her occupations in those early years of marriage—still more her achievements—are breath-taking. She chartered and constantly used a big yacht for journeys in the Mediterranean and to the Arctic Circle to sight-see or study birds. She became probably the best woman game shot in the kingdom, and among the first dozen of either sex. She became a brilliant skater and bought the lease of Prince's Rink to enable her to contine her practice, when the rink was threatened. She took up painting from nature and tapestry work. She took up canoeing at Endsleigh and fishing in the Tamar and the Tay.

A Catalogue of Achievements.—She was among the first women to be admitted to the Linnæan Society and early began to interest local girls and boys in bird-watching ; using her yacht, she spent long periods in remote Hebridean islands studying migration, and her identifications were accepted and admired by the leading ornithologists of the day, with whom she worked. She climbed the Grands-Mulets at a difficult season and received the Chamonix Guides' certificate. She was for ever on the move until the First World War, which ended many of her activities and set her on the road to the chief services which make her outstanding.

From girlhood, she had revealed a vocation for nursing. In 1898 she had opened a small cottage hospital at Woburn and it quickly became acknowledged as a model of modern medical science. When war came, and her offer of more warlike service was rejected, she converted some great buildings at Woburn into a war hospital which soon became an official base hospital under her sole control. As time went on, her cottage hospital became enlarged and famous, and she herself, devoting hours a day to its service, became a first-class theatre sister ; and when increasing deafness interfered with that work, a radiologist in the front rank.

Her popular contemporary fame rested almost entirely on her flying achievements. She was sixty-one before she took her first flight in 1926. She made her first " solo " in 1930. Thereafter she used her plane in lieu of a train or a car, and was for ever on the move across England, Scotland, Europe and Africa. In 1928 came her famous flight to India with Barnard in a Fokker, which resulted in near disaster and great hardship. In 1929 she repeated it and created a record. In 1930 came her flight to the Cape, accomplished in nine days. Thenceforward she used her private planes, often alone, as a regular (almost her only) means of transport for short and long journeys. In March 1937, when she was seventy-two, she completed her 200 hours of solo flight at the cost of her life. That last flight came at a time of great despondency, the Duke having told her that the expenses involved in her hospital could no longer be justified or met. She had enjoyed 2,600 hours in the air.

She certainly had never wasted her time or squandered her talents unworthily. If ever a woman of her kind and age deserved a balanced and definitive biography, she does. And she has not yet had that treatment. She left at her death a number of friends, relations and intimates to testify to her great qualities, her powers of application, her care for minute detail, her selfless absorption in matters dear to her heart, her generosity to those she loved, her golden gift of laughter, her gaiety and her integrity. But her husband's decision to glorify her to a limited circle threw a curtain over a just portrait and the halo of reverence remained during the Duke's life to seal the lips of fair criticism. As a mother she was a lamentable failure. She was highly competitive, to the point of jealousy. She could be coolly unresponsive to appeals, on principle, as she was often royally and anonymously generous ; unjust and dictatorial, only to repent. She grew to think that she was always right. And perhaps her son, the twelfth Duke, inherited that fatal belief from her, as he inherited her moral courage.

But . . . she triumphed over many of her faults and her physical disability. For much of her life her deafness was not only a heavy handicap : it was a misery and even torture. Her greatness is best seen as an overcoming of her faults and disability. And so I hope it may yet be seen and acknowledged.

THE END OF A PROTEST STRIKE: A busy crowd throngs the narrow street which forms the main shopping centre of Nicosia. Immediately after the news of the executions all the Greek Cypriot-owned shops and bars put up their shutters. The strike lasted for four days. *On extreme left*—Two women lift the steel grilles covering the windows of a dress shop after the return to work in the island. *On left*—A farmer, in from the country, has a glass of water while selling his produce in the streets. A certain amount of hardship was caused by the dislocation of food supplies, but the situation was always well in hand.

CYPRUS RETURNS TO WORK

Life is "Normal" Again on the Island, Following the Four-Day Strike in Protest Against the Execution of Two Terrorists

CEREMONIAL SMASHING OF A PLAQUE: Mr. Toundoulides, the Mayor of Kokkinia, a workers' suburb near Athens, smashes a marble plaque on the wall of the small chapel of St. Philip and St. Elizabeth. The plaque commemorated the dedication of the chapel on the occasion of the wedding of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. It had been unveiled when the Royal couple made a visit to Greece in 1950. During the proceedings the Mayor deplored the hanging of Karaolis and Demetriou, the two Cypriot terrorists, and said that the execution would for ever be a stain on the British Crown. The chapel has been rededicated, this time to St. Irene. Strong police and security forces stood at the ready around the little chapel during the smashing of the marble plaque by Mr. Toundoulides.

A BELATED SHOPPING DAY: A Cypriot housewife catches up with her marketing in the island's capital. Only the Turkish-owned shops remained open during the four-day strike.

The protest strike which marked the execution of two terrorists in Cyprus ended after four days of empty streets and shuttered shops and houses. The two young Greek Cypriots, Michael Karaolis and Andreas Demetriou were both condemned to death after the former had murdered a Cypriot policeman and the latter shot an Englishman in the back. Their hanging in the central prison at Nicosia caused an immediate cessation of work throughout the island. All the shops and bars owned by Greek Cypriots were closed and the churches conducted special services in memory of the two "martyrs."

Strong military forces patrolled the town and road blocks were established at strategic points all over the island. Security forces expected a sudden wave of violent terrorism after the relatively calm lull.

The executions of the two young Greek Cypriots were carried out in full accordance with the law, after a thoroughly fair trial. Only the barest details concerning the actual hangings were divulged, but the two men were apparently buried in the prison cemetery after a simple funeral service.

1,400 HOOKS MUST BE BAITED EACH DAY : Mrs. Mina Dent sits in the living-room of her home in Newbiggin-by-the-Sea, in Northumberland, baiting a line for her husband. Every fisherman here expects his wife or mother every day to bait two long lines with mussels for him. Each line has 700 hooks.

BRINGING IN THE CATCH : Two women of Newbiggin come up the shore with a heavy box of fish from the coble behind them. This is only one of the many hard jobs which these tough Northumberland womenfolk undertake for their men.

FISHERWIVES OF NEWBIGGIN

The Women on the Northumberland Coast Undertake Many Tough Jobs for the Fishermen

THE HIGH STREET IS ALMOST DESERTED WHEN THE BOATS ARE COMING IN : The fisherwives must find some other time for shopping because they are required to help their men land the catch. Fishing is not the only industry of Newbiggin. Many of its 10,000 population are employed in the local coal mines.

NO RESPITE FOR THE AGED : Mrs. Jane Armstrong is eighty-four but still continues to bait the fishing-lines each day. Behind is her daughter, Mrs. Georgina Dawson, working on the same task.

"For men must work and women must weep" . . . wherever Charles Kingsley found the inspiration for his poem "Three Fishers," it could not have been in Newbiggin-by-the-Sea. Here on the rugged coast of Northumberland, in North-East England, the women of the fishery are as tough as the men. Tragedy does sometimes strike them, but even though a fishing-boat may not return, the women's work must continue. There will be a son, a brother or some other relative to take the place of the lost man and he will require a full day's work from his womenfolk to carry on his hazardous livelihood.

The variety of the jobs done by the Newbiggin fisherwives is said to be unique in Northumberland. The tasks have been undertaken for generations, and this tradition has bred some of the toughest stock in Britain. The working day begins about six o'clock in the morning when the fishing cobles are launched. These boats are kept high up the rocky shore on wheeled trolleys. The women take a full part in dragging them down to the water, in freezing winter winds or in high seas. The trolleys are taken right into the water and the cobles launched from the top of them. Then the women by themselves must haul the trolleys back.

A change from drenched clothes is often necessary when the women return to their homes from the beach and proceed with the next daily task, an extremely tiresome and smelly one. The bait must be prepared for the next day's fishing. The nature of the inshore waters off Newbiggin makes the use of trawls impossible. Instead each boat trails baited lines behind it. The preparation of these baited lines is the fisherwives' morning task.

Every fisherman expects to have two lines available for use and each line has on it 700 hooks to which mussels must be attached as the bait. A Newbiggin fisherwife will normally have to bait two lines or 1,400 hooks daily. It is a task in which grandmothers and even great-grandmothers join, and it takes even the experts two and a half to three hours to complete two lines. Nowhere else on the Northumberland coast do the women undertake the baiting.

Soon after noon the cobles return to the shore. The women are there to watch for them. They go down to the beach to carry up the heavy wooden boxes filled with fish to the auction market in the town. Then the boats have to be hauled upshore on their trolleys. After this the men will be ready for a meal, which somehow the women must have found time to prepare. Only in the afternoon can attention be given to household chores.

By no means all the 10,000 inhabitants of Newbiggin are fisherfolk. The largest proportion work in the local coalmines. Recently the townspeople have become aware that their coast is being threatened by serious erosion from the sea. Plans are at present under consideration for building a protective sea-wall. Special attention is being given to provide it with ramps, so that the cobles can come up to it at high tides. But with or without a sea-wall, the life of the fisherwives in this fishing centre will always be hard and call only for those of the toughest breed.

THE UNBROKEN DAILY ROUND : Mrs. Isabella Armstrong lost her husband at sea, but continues to bait lines for her sons.

ROUTINE ON THE SHORE : The cobles or fishing-boats are grounded in the surf at Newbiggin-by-the-Sea and a woman carries away singlehanded one of the two-handled boxes full of fish. She has been watching the sea for her menfolk to return and has come down to meet them.

HAULING IN A COBLE : The women are helping the men to bring a boat up the beach on its trolley. This is a routine task for them in all weathers. It requires great strength, for the load is extremely heavy.

A MOST IMPORTANT MOMENT : Mr. Carl Brown, the auctioneer, in the background, prepares to sell the catch from the boxes before him. The onlookers wait anxiously to know whether the prices will be good and the postman will no doubt circulate the news on his round.

AN EXPLOSION BLASTS UNDERGROWTH : The huge ball of smoke and flame rising on the coast at Hastings has the appearance of an atom bomb. In fact, it is caused by liquid ignited by Royal Engineers to clear the ground for disposing of mines in Fairlight Glen.

MINES BLOW UP : Photographers record the operation as the mines are detonated in Fairlight Glen. The minefield was laid in 1940 and the plans for it were later lost when the officer carrying them was blown up.

CLEARING MINES AT HASTINGS

A Bomb-Disposal Unit in Action at a Famous Beauty Spot

Fairlight Glen, to the east of Hastings, is a well-known beauty spot. In the summer of 1940 mines were hurriedly laid there. Unfortunately, the officer who had the plans of the field was blown up soon afterwards and the record of the exact locations of the mines was lost. The area was swept with detectors in 1947 and many mines located and destroyed. But in the past two or three years other mines have been discovered and the authorities decided that it would be best to hand the Glen over to the Royal Engineers for a thorough and final clearance. The bomb-disposal unit used the occasion of its operation last week to demonstrate its methods to the Press.

ENGINEERS TAKE COVER : Three members of the R.E. bomb-disposal unit shelter against the cliff-face while above them a mine is exploded. It is hoped that the devastated Glen will soon recover its beauty.

LOCATING THE SOURCES OF DANGER : An operator sweeping with a Mark IV mine-detector is drawn by a rope up the cliff-side. The groups behind are standing on the road which was driven through the Glen for locating equipment to be brought to the minefield.

DETECTING DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE : The E.R.I. detector operating here can locate mines to a depth of 5 ft. below the ground.

On left—

A FLAME-THROWER IN ACTION : The pistol-type apparatus discharges a rod of flame into the undergrowth to clear the ground.

AMERICAN NUCLEAR TESTS

The Detonation of a Small Initial Device in Eniwetok Atoll Begins a New Series of Tests by the United States Atomic Energy Commission

THREE STAGES IN A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION : *Above at top*—The fireball from the explosion of the initial device in the current tests mushrooms out of the darkness. *In centre*—The flame-shot cloud grows in density. *Below*—The fireball diminishes. These pictures were taken from 12 miles away.

TARGET FOR A HYDROGEN BOMB : This huge bull's-eye on Namu Island, in the Eniwetok Atoll, will be the target for the dropping of a hydrogen bomb in the current American tests. One hundred yards in diameter, the target will be floodlit during the hours of darkness. Even so, from 50,000 ft., which is the height from which the bomb will be dropped, it will appear very minute. The tests started with the detonation of a small initial device on Gunit Island, in the Eniwetok Atoll. The explosion was in the range of kilotons, that is, thousands of tons in terms of T.N.T., whereas the hydrogen bombs to be tested later in the series will have an explosive force measured in megatons—millions of tons of T.N.T. Observers watched the test from the upper deck of the U.S.S. *Mount McKinley*, about three miles to the south of Eniwetok Island and fifteen miles from the test island.

WATCHING THE EXPLOSION : United States personnel on Eniwetok Island, approximately 12 miles from the explosion, watch the fireball from the first test. Those without dark glasses have turned away from the fierce glare which accompanied the detonation.

ON THE TEST ISLAND : The housing for the first device exploded in the tests is seen above on right. The pipes lead to instruments which allowed analysis of the blast and power of the explosion.

A PLASTICS FACTORY IN EDINBURGH : Sir James Steel-Maitland discusses his new project with his chief assistant, Miss Evelyn Martin, of Dundee. They are standing in the old hall of Gogar House.

SCOTLAND AND SCOTSMEN

A Plastics Factory ; The Royal Caledonian Ball ; Clyde Lighthouses

Sir James Steel-Maitland has started a factory for plastic false teeth in the rooms of his seventeenth-century Edinburgh home, Gogar House. This has been in the Steel-Maitland family for 200 years and is a well-preserved specimen of early seventeenth-century Scots domestic architecture. An older house on the same site dated back to the tenth century. The business began in a bedroom five years ago, and now occupies several more bedrooms, the Adam drawing-room and an outhouse, and employs thirty people. Gogar House is the only factory in Scotland making plastic teeth, and there is a great demand for them. Many of the thousands turned out each week are exported all over the world in boxes bearing the Maitland tartan. After the plastic powder has been mixed, it goes for moulding to the big press, of Sir James's own design, in the drawing-room beneath his bedroom. This press is unique. The teeth, of every size, shape and colour, then go through testing, grinding, shading, carding and packing departments.

PART OF THE FACTORY : Plastic powder is being mixed on the benches in the Adam drawing-room. Then it will go to the huge press, which is beneath Sir James Steel-Maitland's bedroom.

A HIGHLIGHT OF THE LONDON SEASON : The Royal Caledonian Ball in full swing. One of the country dances, an eightsome reel, is being performed. The Ball, in its 108th year, took place at Grosvenor House last week, under the presidency of Katharine, Duchess of Atholl, and the Duke of Atholl.

The Annual Royal Caledonian Ball in aid of the Scottish Corporation, the Royal Caledonian Schools and other Scottish charities, was held at Grosvenor House last week. The Ball was opened as usual by the pipes and drums of the Scots Guards in full dress. The children of the Royal Caledonian Schools then gave their display of piping and dancing, which included " The Flowers of Edinburgh," " The Hebridean Weaving Lilt," " The Argyll Broadswords " and " The Highland Fling." The Processional March of the Set Reels was led by the Duke of Atholl at the head of the Atholl Highlander Reel. Over a hundred dancers took part in the Set Reels, including most of the Scottish debutantes and officers of the Scots Guards and Highland and Lowland Regiments. Regimental eightsome reels were made up by the Black Watch, Seaforth Highlanders, Cameron Highlanders, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Royal Scots and Cameronians.

On left—

THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN BALL : A bird's-eye view of one of the Highland dances—a Set Reel. The Set Reels were arranged by Lady Ogilvy, and the Ball was under the chairmanship of the Countess of Dunmore. The first Ball was held in 1849.

CUMBRAE LIGHT HELPS GUARD THE CLYDE: The station buildings of the Cumbrae Light are picked out in white to make them easily visible to passing ships. Right centre—The lighthouse. Left centre, with flat roof—The power-house and foghorn. The Light was erected in 1791.

It is just 200 years since the Merchants' House at Glasgow promoted an Act of Parliament to make the "navigation in the Firth and River of Clyde more safe and commodious." The lighthouse erected on Little Cumbrae in 1757 was one of the earliest to be erected in Great Britain. Three lighthouses were subsequently built on the Clyde by Robert Stevenson, a prominent member of the Scots family of lighthouse builders, and grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson. These were the second Cumbrae Light, built in 1791, the Cloch Lighthouse of 1796, and the Toward Light of 1812. The Cloch Lighthouse stands at Gourock, while the Toward Light guards the entrance to the Kyles of Bute. Robert Stevenson was also responsible for the famous Bell Rock Lighthouse, built in 1806. The attractive Clyde lighthouses are among the few functional buildings that improve the landscape. The staff of the Clyde Lighthouses Trust, whose responsibility the safety of the river is, number no more than thirty. Between them these few men guard one of the world's most crowded commercial rivers. The first permanent lighthouses in Britain were built by the Romans at Dover. The earliest of modern design was that built at Eddystone by Smeaton in 1759. The most famous lighthouse of the ancient world was the Pharos of Alexandria, the name of which came to mean "lighthouse."

THE CLOCH LIGHT: One of the Clyde's most familiar landmarks is the Cloch Lighthouse at Gourock. The buildings on the left of the light are the officers' quarters. The Cloch was built in 1796 by Robert Stevenson.

SHE IS THE "MAID-OF-ALL-WORK": The Clyde Lighthouse Trust vessel *Torch* is seen off the landing-stage of the Cumbrae Light. *Torch* is the supply ship to the lighthouses, and also services the river buoys, some of which can be seen on her decks. *On right*—The Toward Light is a familiar landmark at the entrance to the Kyles of Bute.

THROUGH THE IRON CURTAIN

Muscovites in London ; Britons in Russia

On right—

RUSSIAN TRANSPORT WORKERS IN LONDON : A few of the thirty-two Moscow transport workers who visited London last week tour the Houses of Parliament. They included a woman bus-driver. This was the first unofficial group of Russian tourists to visit this country since the war, and came for a week's visit organised by Intourist, the Russian travel agency, and the Workers' Travel Association. Their crowded programme included visits to St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London and Hampton Court. For some of the tour they travelled on a London bus. The party showed a keen interest in the workings of London Transport, and visited the London Transport works at Aldenham, Herts, and the Chiswick training centre. Visits to other depots and stations were also on the programme. The Russians went for a trip on the London Tube in the rush-hour and one drove a London bus. They were astonished at the advertising on the sides of the buses, and to learn that most cars on the roads were privately owned.

A FAMILIAR ORDEAL : Some of the Moscow transport workers who visited London last week take home a souvenir of a policeman outside the Houses of Parliament.

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DELEGATION IN RUSSIA : Members and officials of the Central Electricity Authority and Area Boards strolling in the Dvortsov Square, Leningrad. The delegation, nineteen strong, was headed by Lord Citrine, chairman of the Authority. The delegates spent three weeks in Russia, touring power stations, technical institutions, factories and hydro-electric schemes from Leningrad and Moscow to the Ural Mountains.

BRITONS IN THE SOVIET UNION : The Central Electricity Authority's delegation discuss a point with their Russian counterparts in the turbine hall of the Institute of Electrical Energy, Leningrad. Lord Citrine is second from left ; Mr. Malenkov, Russian Minister for Electric Power Stations, is at centre. *On right*—Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Music, acknowledges applause at a symphony concert given by the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra in the Bolshoi Hall, Leningrad.

"GREAT TOM" GOES ON THE AIR

The Chimes of St. Paul's Cathedral Will Ring on B.B.C. Programmes While Big Ben is Overhauled this Summer

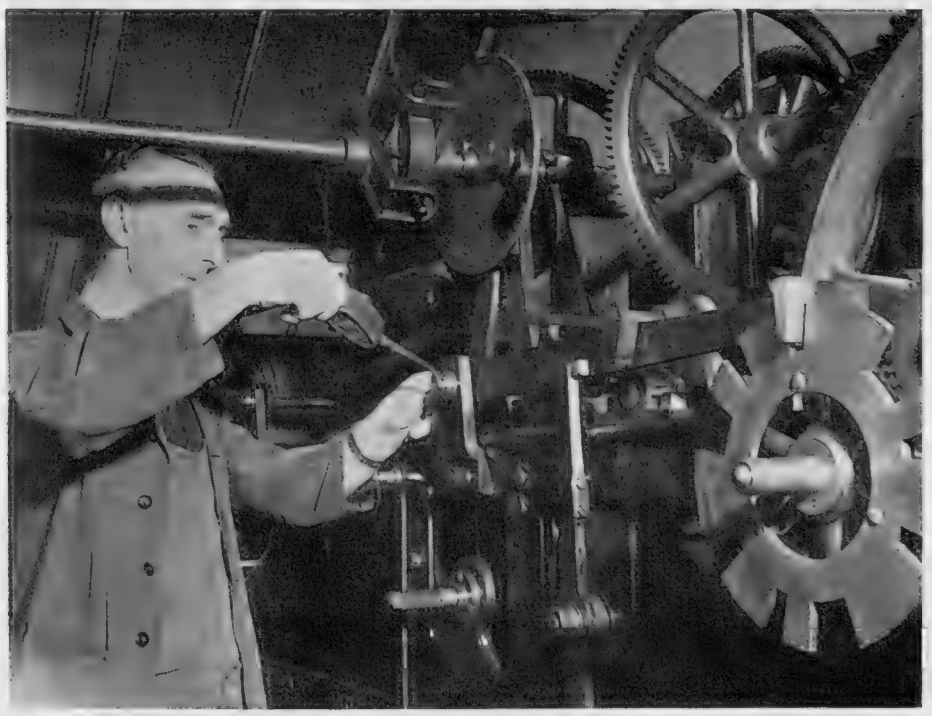
The chimes of Big Ben will be replaced on B.B.C. programmes for two months this summer by those of St. Paul's. The Houses of Parliament clock is to have a major overhaul which will be carried out during the months of August and September. While this is in progress a microphone installed in the belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral will carry the chimes of "Great Tom" all over the world. The microphone is in position in the bell tower and test recordings have been made and found satisfactory. According to records, the clock does not lose or gain more than three seconds a week.

The chimes of "Great Tom" are much louder and more harsh than those of Big Ben because the bell clappers strike directly against the iron of the lips. On the House of Commons' peals the clappers are fitted with rubber guards which muffle and deaden the metallic quality of the note. The St. Paul's peal rings every quarter, every half and every hour. The other campanile tower across the façade from the clock-tower holds the largest bell in England, "Great Paul," which weighs almost 17 tons and was cast at Loughborough in 1882. The diameter across the lips is 9 ft. 6½ ins.

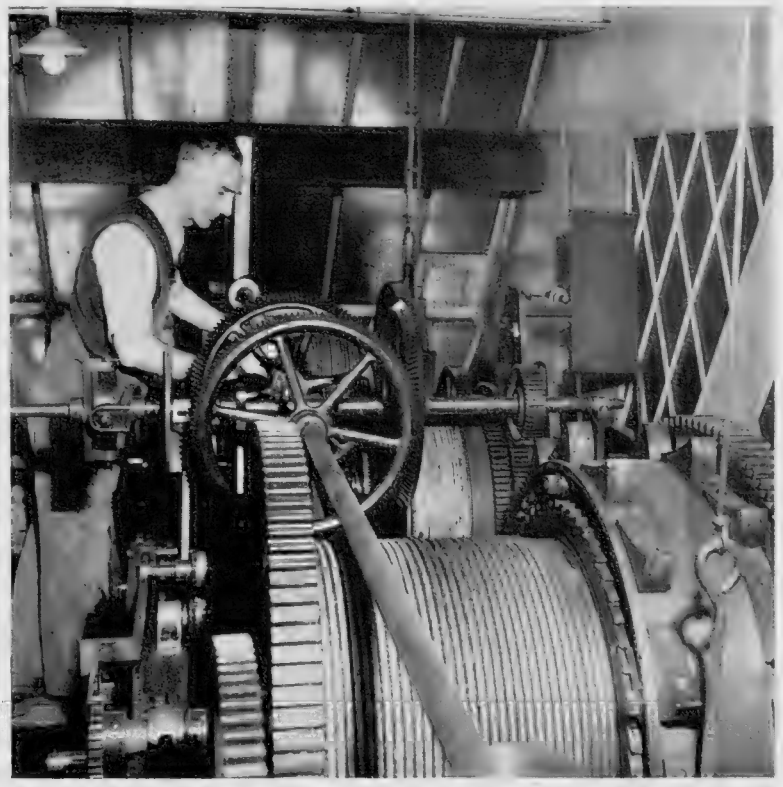
A FAMILIAR SCENE TO LONDONERS: The cupola of St. Paul's Cathedral looms over Ludgate Hill. On the right can be seen one of the three dials of "Great Tom," which will replace the familiar Big Ben for two months this summer on B.B.C. programmes. Big Ben is to receive a major overhaul in August and September. The sound of "Great Tom" is much louder and more harsh

On right—
A NEW SOUND ON THE AIR: Mr. Wilfrid Cripps, who has looked after "Great Tom" for twenty years and is responsible for its maintenance, climbs up a ladder into the belfry.

ONE OF THREE FACES: The belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral has three clock dials, with the fourth face, on right, remaining as a stone façade. A microphone has been installed in the tower in preparation for the change-over.



INSIDE THE BELFRY: Mr. Wilfrid Cripps oils the mechanism of the clock. "Great Tom" was originally hung in 1716, but a new clock was installed in 1893 to replace the original one. The St. Paul's peal sounds every quarter, every half and every full hour.



CORRECT TO THREE SECONDS: This elaborate mechanism keeps "Great Tom" correct to within three seconds loss or gain every week. This exactness was the main reason for the choice of the clock to take over from Big Ben.

The Sphere of Travel

IN WESTERN AUSTRIA

Suggestions For Holidays in Tyrol and Vorarlberg

By GORDON COOPER

IF a vote could be taken as to which European country attracts the most faithful holidaymakers, Austria might well come out top of the poll, for there is something about this small land and its attractive people which has an insidious appeal for Britons. Each year sees many old faces returning there, proving that its gifts are just what many of us desire.

Tyrol is undoubtedly the most popular province, and with good reason, but many travellers by road and rail approach it by way of Vorarlberg, its western gateway, and so I want to give the latter some attention as well, especially as it has its own undoubted attractions. Much of its countryside is truly lovely, particularly that area known as the Bregenzerwald ; while its southern mountains offer as majestic scenery as any in Austria. You will also find there some of the loveliest traditional dresses, worn on Sundays and festivals by many of the country women.

The Bregenzerwald and the Montafon Valley are the chief tourist districts in Vorarlberg. The Bregenzerwald extends south-east from Lake Constance, and consists of sloping hills and fine mountains. Small villages, and surprisingly large farmhouses, are scattered over green plains and hidden meadows. The local population is of Alemanic origin and different in type to other Austrians. The people are industrious and kindly and very, very clean, and their homes look as though they formed part of an Ideal Home Exhibition.

Bezau, Au, Schoppernau and Schroeken are the main centres in the Bregenzerwald, but the smaller villages, such as Boedele, Mellau and Schwarzenberg can be recommended for those who wish to get right away from the beaten tourist track, while Damuels is right out in the " blue." In all these places there are clean, friendly hotels and inns where you can be sure of all the simple comforts. This area, by the way, will appeal specially to walkers and nature-lovers.

The Montafon Valley runs south-east from Bludenz (on the main road and rail to Tyrol), with Schruns, a popular spa, as its leading resort. Quieter places are the villages of St. Gallenkirch, Gaschurn (specially recommended) and Parthenen. Then, up a side valley is remote Gargellen, which stands at an altitude of about 5,000 ft. Beyond Parthenen there is the new Silvretta Alpine road, a marvellous piece of road engineering, which leads to the lonely Silvrettasee (7,000 ft.), a lake which lies amidst the wildest mountain scenery. (Accommodation is available here at the Sporthotel.) The road then continues on into Tyrol, by way of the Paznaun Valley to Landeck, where it rejoins the main road and railway. This is certainly a detour that every motorist should make.

Elsewhere in Vorarlberg, the popular winter resorts of Zuers and Lech are now attracting some summer trade ; Lech (with near-by Oberlech) is preferable, although it should be noted that its altitude is about 5,000 ft. Then there are the historic towns of Bregenz and Feldkirch, meriting a short visit only in order to see their ancient buildings. Bregenz is also well known for its annual musical festival, which includes a first-class operatic performance played on a floating stage on Lake Constance. Not far from this town is the Schloss Hofen Hotel, housed in an ancient castle and a very pleasant place in which to stay for a holiday. I can recommend it personally.

Among the outstandingly scenic railway journeys of Europe, I would include that which takes you through the Tyrol. There is breathtaking mountain scenery on both sides of the line almost all the way. In the centre there is Innsbruck, the provincial capital, whose banner of history is studded with stars of extraordinary brilliancy and variety, and whose setting is the theme of countless picture postcards to be found in every part of the world.

Innsbruck is an idyllic spot in many ways. The guidebook sights will appeal even to the most unromantic traveller; there are pleasant cafés in which to pass the time most agreeably, and the town is an excellent base for excursions by train, car and aerial railway, and on foot. The evenings can be spent in café-cabarets of mellowest tradition, where the music is appealing and the bill small. Austrian friendliness shows itself in the folk songs and the guests very often join in. I know that I had my own first lesson in dancing the typical *Schuplattler* dance, with its furious thigh-and-foot slapping, at a *Stube* in Innsbruck, but I will never be a good performer !

I feel, indeed, that in Austria especially, and in Europe generally, the traveller would often gain more by not using a guide-book. I have so often encountered Britons engaged anxiously in seeking out places which are " starred," while they pass by all those delightful unlisted scenes which contribute far more to a town's character. The true enjoyment of travel lies in personal discovery.

I had a good example of this on the occasion of my last visit to Innsbruck. During an interval in a performance at the Landestheater, I took an after-dark stroll in the adjoining Hofgarted, which was cleverly and beautifully floodlit. Suddenly, I came on a tiny lake whose surface reflected in absolute detail the great willow and the rose-bushes which lined its bank, while there were also clusters of water-lilies. For some minutes I stood entranced and enchanted, and bore away with me one of the loveliest dream-pictures that has ever come my way.

Returning again to useful facts, the following places of interest can be visited easily from Innsbruck, for they lie alongside the main railway and main road which crosses Tyrol from west to east. They are Stams, Solbad Hall, Schwaz and Rattenberg.

A SPA IN THE TYROL : Laudeck is a health resort noted for its sulphur springs. On the left on the crag is Laudeck Castle, with the Samnaun Mountains beyond the valley in the centre. Laudeck stands on the Upper Inn Valley at about 4,000 ft.

Stams, west of Innsbruck, is famous for its monastery-church, the outstanding features of which are its High Altar (1609) of carved wood, and the *Rosengitter* (Railing of Roses), as lovely an example of the ironworker's craft as you will ever see. The other three towns are east of Innsbruck, Solbad Hall being almost a suburb. It is a quaint, medieval place, with a picturesque Rathaus and a thirteenth-century Romanesque church. In the latter is the Waldauf Chapel containing a curious collection of skulls and bones of saints, formed by a local Crusader, all laid out on cushions in large glass cases and neatly labelled. Elsewhere in this church are some elaborately garbed skeletons—long-forgotten martyrs. Gruesome, perhaps, but I am always reminded of the verse in the Chapel of Bones, Evora (Portugal), which needlessly tells the beholder that as these bones are, so shall he be.

In Schwaz there is a famous parish church with an enormous copper roof and an interior which has two naves, one serving in the old days for Protestants, the other for Roman Catholics. In the near-by Franciscan Church there are some fine cloister-frescoes. The main street of this once-important mining town is rich in ironwork signs hanging from the houses.

Rattenberg, farther on, is my own especial favourite. The little town comes on you quite suddenly. There is a castle on the knoll, the spires and cupola of its church, and the mountainside behind ; in all, a Gothic town that seems to have come straight from a fairy-tale, and, of course, highly popular with artists and photographers. I lodged there in a glorious medieval inn, with large rooms, rambling passages and 6-ft.-thick stone walls.

It would be impossible to list here all the Tyrolean resorts. Among the most popular are Kitzbuhl, St. Anton, Pertisau, Seefeld and Mayrhofen. I myself prefer the smaller places. For instance, it would be hard to find a more glorious spot than Ober-Gurgl in the Otzal, a long valley in Western Tyrol. A local publicity leaflet claims, probably without exaggeration, " 100 mountain Lakes, 100 Glaciers, 100 Mountains over 10,000 feet," for this valley's immediate surroundings.

There is, however, one defect of Ober-Gurgl that might put off some intending visitors ; it lies at an altitude of 6,300 ft. Its parish church is the highest in Europe. It was in a glacier near by where Professor Piccard landed some years ago after his experimental flight into the stratosphere.

Another of my favourite villages in Tyrol is Alpbach, which is situated in the heart of romantic Alpine scenery. As it is on a road to nowhere (from Brixlegg on the main railway), there is an almost complete absence of traffic noises. The Böglerhof is a particularly nice hotel in which to stay, and I can also recommend the simpler Jakober. Then, if you should want to be still farther out of the world, there is Inner Alpbach, a little farther on. It has only one good hotel. From either place there are excellent walks to be made, and at Alpbach the famous " European Forum " is held each year.

Tyrol is not well planned for the motorist who wishes an itinerary based on a circular tour. Many of the valleys run south from the valley of the Inn, but at their terminals they are not linked. Therefore, you must retrace your steps. Important exceptions are the " Three Passes Tour " (Arlberg, Flexen, Fern), the circuit of the Kaiser Mountains, and a new circular road to Kitzbuhl.

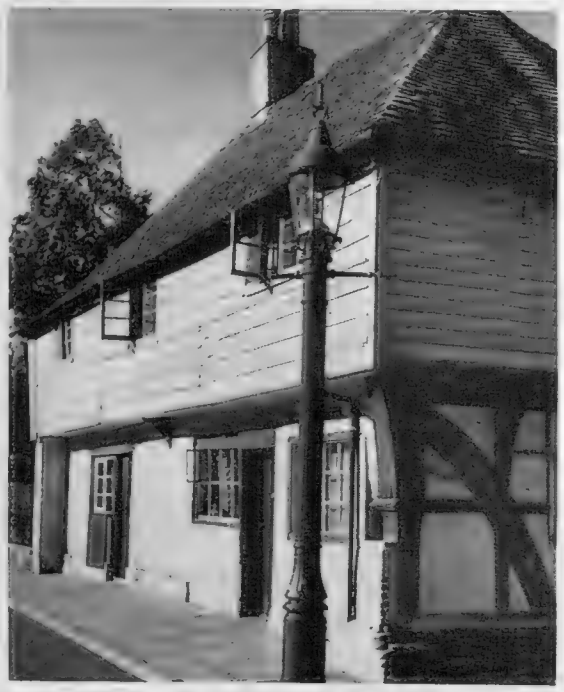
Further information concerning Vorarlberg and Tyrol can be obtained from the Austrian State Tourist Department (219, Regent Street, London, W.1), while a recommended travel agent specialising in this country is F. and W. Ingham, Ltd. (143, New Bond Street, London, W.1).

A VILLAGE AT AN ALPINE CROSSROADS : Mayrhofen, in the Tyrol, stands in the Zillertal, at the junction of four valleys. One of these, the Tuxer Valley (in the centre), leads up to the snow-capped Zillertaler Alps in the background. At lower left centre the railway can be seen running into the village, its terminus along a line of pine trees. Mayrhofen stands at an altitude of about 2,000 ft., and is a popular Tyrolean resort.

WINCHESTER: ENGLAND'S OLDEST CAPITAL

Photographs by
J. ALLAN CASH

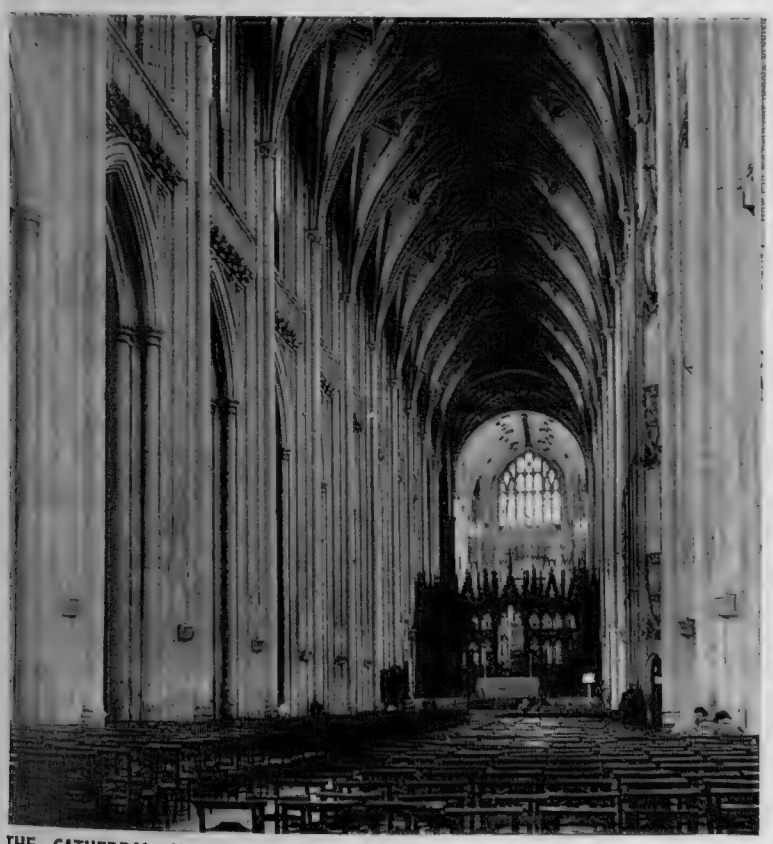
WINCHESTER FROM ST. GILES' HILL: Winchester Cathedral can be seen at left centre, while on the right centre is the Guildhall, standing on Broadway. The statue of King Alfred is in the middle of Broadway.



BEDS FOR THE POOR: St. John's Hospital (the central tower) was founded in 1289. The hospital was seized by the Crown at the Reformation. Parts were later used as a prison. *On right*—The Blue Boar Inn.

The city of Winchester was England's capital long before London was anything more than a commercial town on the Thames. The oldest settlement on the site of Winchester may have been a fort on St. Catherine's Hill, dating back to the Iron Age. In Roman times it became the important centre of Venta Belgarum. As the capital of the Kingdom of Wessex, it was Alfred's principal town. Winchester retained its importance well into Norman times, and even under Norman rule it was for a time the joint capital of England, and was only abandoned as a Royal place of residence in the thirteenth century.

Winchester Cathedral was the biggest in Christendom at the time of its consecration in 1093. It is still the longest in Europe, with the exception of St. Peter's, in Rome. One of the first to be buried in the Cathedral was William Rufus, killed while hunting in the nearby New Forest. From 1360 it was rebuilt in the Perpendicular style, much of the work being done by Bishop William of Wykeham, founder of Winchester College, whose tomb is also in the Cathedral. The College has gone far since its original foundation in 1382, which was for "seventy poor and needy scholars and clerks, living college-wise in the same, studying and becoming proficient in grammaticals or the art and science of grammar." All that remains of the Castle is the Great Hall, where Sir Walter Raleigh was sentenced to death, and Judge Jeffreys held his "Bloody Assize." In the Hall are pieces of what is traditionally supposed to be King Arthur's Round Table. Wolvesey Castle is the Bishop's palace, dating from the seventeenth century, and the ruins of the original twelfth-century Bishop's castle adjoin it. The St. Cross Hospital, south of the city, is the oldest functioning charitable institution in the country. The "Wayfarers' Dole," of bread and beer, is still given to all who ask it of the porter, and genuine tramps receive more than the tourist.



THE CATHEDRAL NAVE: This was first built in the Norman style, but was rebuilt in the Perpendicular in the fourteenth century. *On right*—The Broadway. On the left is the Guildhall; on the right, King Alfred's statue.

"ROMANOFF AND JULIET"

Peter Ustinov's Political Satire at the Piccadilly Theatre

In his new play, Mr. Peter Ustinov continues in the genre of political satire in which he has so successfully established himself. *Romanoff and Juliet* is set in "the capital city of the smallest country in Europe." It is a carefree land in which time matters little and every day is a festival or carnival. But both America and Russia have designs on it and send ambassadors to bring the little state into their respective orbits. This enables Mr. Ustinov to indulge in a satire on diplomacy and international politics. The romantic interest implied in the title is introduced by the son of the Russian ambassador falling in love with the daughter of the American plenipotentiary and reinforced by the female Russian naval commander marrying an American. From start to finish the play is enormously entertaining. The brilliant cast is led by the author in the part of the General, who is President of the country. Edward Atienza as a senile bishop has a particularly effective scene with him.

IN "THE SMALLEST COUNTRY OF EUROPE": Jean Denis Malcles' ingenious set for Peter Ustinov's new satirical play, *Romanoff and Juliet*, at the Piccadilly Theatre. Left to right are Marianne Deeming, Frederick Valk, David Lodge, Katy Vail, David Hurst, Edward Atienza, Michael David, Joe Gibbons, Hartley Power, Josephine Barrington and Peter Ustinov. *On left*—Peter Ustinov as the General, the newly-elected President of his imaginary European country, has given himself excellent situations and lines in his latest political satire. He has also indulged himself with a number of colourful uniforms to suit each occasion. The lovers of *Romeo and Juliet* are introduced in the guise of an American girl and a Russian, whose marriage embarrasses their parents.

IGOR ROMANOFF ANNOUNCES HIS LOVE FOR THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER: Left to right are Michael David as Romanoff, Frederick Valk and Marianne Deeming as the Russian Ambassador and his wife, and David Hurst, a Russian Secret Service agent.

BOTH THEIR HOUSES: Romanoff in his bedroom in the Russian Embassy yearns over his love for the American Ambassador's daughter, while she (top right) discusses her rejection of her American fiancé. In the lower rooms of the two Embassies are (left) the President, the Russian girl naval commander and the Russian Ambassador; and (right) the American Ambassador and his wife.

A RUSSIAN-AMERICAN ALLIANCE: The Russian naval commander (Delphi Lawrence) embraces her American lover (William Greene), late fiancé of the American Ambassador's daughter, who has now become married to the Russian Ambassador's son.

A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
An explorer? In a manner of speaking . . .
An artist? Certainly! . . .
and a most designing individual.
What's more, a man with a reputation
for understanding the good things of life.
Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you don't mind . . . and not too strong.

A dry Martini?

This morning I feel more inclined to a straight vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry. And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass. You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

Coldness—a good barman provides that free! And an olive by all means. The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini. The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel with the subtleties in the glass. Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance, drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.

But, china mugs apart . . . ?

There's no better drink in the wide world than Martini, dry or sweet. You can quote Hardy Amies on that.

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ESSENTIAL WARSHIPS

A History of H.M. Destroyers; The Curragh Mutiny; Crime in America; George Robey's Life; Bee-keeping in Australia, and other New Novels

"AS Nelson continually complained of the shortage of frigates, so no commander-in-chief in either world war ever had sufficient destroyers." So writes Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope, "an old destroyer officer," in his foreword to H.M. DESTROYERS (Herbert Jenkins. 16s.), which is an admirable history of our destroyers in the seventy years that they have existed. The author is Lieut.-Commander P. K. Kemp, R.N. (Retd.), and he is the Admiralty Archivist. It would be redundant to say that he was remarkably qualified for the task of writing this account of the fighting ships which were first designed as a defensive force towards the end of the last century and have evolved as a fast, tough, flexible and infinitely effective offensive branch of the Senior Service.

MUTINY AT THE CURRAGH (Macmillan. 18s.) recalls the extraordinary events of the spring of 1914 in Ireland—and England—when it was held (among other things) that the officers of a cavalry brigade had refused to obey the orders of a Liberal Government and, being Conservative playboys, would not march into Ulster. It was also held at the same time that such Cabinet Ministers as Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, and John Seely, Secretary of State for War, had plotted to use the armed forces to incite the Ulster Volunteers, then resisting Home Rule, to violence. Balfour, Bonar Law and Edward Carson, the Southern Irishman who became champion of the Northern cause, represented the Conservative opposition. Mr. A. P. Ryan has an amazing story to tell, and has told it with an immediacy that reminds one of how many of the participants and the eyewitnesses are still alive to-day.

The next two volumes are concerned with crime and juvenile delinquency in the United States. CELL 2455 DEATH ROW (Longmans. 16s.) is the more sensational rather than the more significant of the two. This is described as a condemned man's own story, and has been written by Caryl Chessman, who has been under sentence of death since 1948. In the years since his sentence he has not only been reading widely but has educated himself enough in the law to defend himself and achieve several stays of execution. We are told that there is a further book on his prison experiences already completed. It could scarcely be more sensational or more unusual than the present one.

1,000,000 DELINQUENTS (Gollancz. 18s.) is a study of juvenile crime in the United States and has been written by Dr. Benjamin Fine, the Education Editor of the *New York Times*. In the first part of his book Dr. Fine gives statistics covering the past few years in the United States. He goes on to give a number of case histories, many of them written out with poignant brevity and mis-spelling by the young people themselves, before he proceeds to an examination of the causes and then the types of treatment for the delinquents. Courage, intelligence, compassion and patience stand out as four of the essentials in the findings of this wise man's book.

For an abrupt change and a total contrast there is a biography of that matchless comedian who died in his eighty-fifth year as Sir George Robey. PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH (Odhams. 18s.) was his even more famous title, and this was his "billing" during the greater part of his sixty-five years' career on the stage in this country. Mr. A. E. Wilson, the distinguished dramatic critic, has written of Robey's early successes and his long years of popularity, as well as of his genuine kindliness and friendship.

GRAPES AND GRANITE (Cassell. 21s.) is Miss Nina Epton's account of her travels through Spanish Galicia, in the north-west corner of Spain; a region that is little visited by tourists but, as we see from these pages, can be very rewarding to the enterprising traveller. In fact, as is also made clear, the traveller would have to be rather courageous as well, and certainly adaptable, for the conditions in many of the more remote districts are as primitive and as uncomfortable as they must have been in the Middle Ages. As with her earlier book on a little-known valley in France, this author makes one feel rather shamefaced about one's own unadventurous holidays, but she has also provided stimulating reading for the most conventional of stays at Bournemouth.

AN HONOUR FOR BERNHARD BERENSON: The ninety-year-old American art critic is seen (left) with Paolo Lamanna, Rector of the University of Florence, after receiving an Honorary Doctorate in letters and philosophy. The presentation took place in Mr. Berenson's villa near Florence, as, owing to his age and recent poor health, he had been unable to attend the official presentation ceremony at the University.

Mr. Temple Sutherland was still in his teens when he started out for New Zealand, to which he travelled as a prospective farm-hand. On the North Auckland farm where he started work, he learned a great deal about the country and a good deal about hard labour, too. GREEN KIWI (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is the record of some of his experiences in his life there, before the Second World War. Mr. Sutherland writes as soberly and yet as romantically as a true Scot, and has given a loving picture of the country he chose.

THE SULLEN BELL (Michael Joseph. 15s.) is a very different kind of affair and a novel to boot, but it, too, has strong links with New Zealand through its author, Mr. Dan Davin, and through its theme, which is the discovery of London, soon after the war, by a group of New Zealand expatriates. Mr. Davin has a straightforward, unaffected style, and his young compatriots and their problems are made to come alive in his story of success and failure in adapting both to a peace-time life, and life in a distant city.

Miss Kylie Tennant had three obvious qualifications for writing her new novel, THE HONEY FLOW (Macmillan. 15s.). She loves her native Australia, she knows a good deal about bees, and she knows how to combine affection and practical information with the telling of a good story. For this is mostly about apiarists and, since they are a lusty and peculiarly Australian genus of the breed, they are not to be confused with gentle souls pottering about in veils and gloves in English back-gardens. *These* apiarists take a much stronger line both with their bees and their bees' feeding-ground, and think nothing of starting out on a kind of honey safari, hundreds of miles into the interior. Miss Tennant's heroine, however, is equal to more or less everything. Original, and very good reading.

Now for three novels about Americans abroad, though not necessarily in the spirit of the gentlemen who preferred the blondes. The first is serious to the point of solemnity and is concerned with secrets in the high places of big business and embassies. THE STRONG-BOX (Hodder and Stoughton. 13s. 6d.) is by Mr. Howard Swiggett, who impresses one as knowing the worlds of which he writes and also as having a real gift for narrative.

THE SORROWS OF TRAVEL (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) deals with a group of young Americans in Paris who want respectively to compose music, to write and to love. Mr. John Breon writes of them and of their difficulties of expression with unusual perception.

A ROOM IN PARIS (Longmans. 15s.) is Mrs. Peggy Mann's version of the American expatriate making a place for himself in an alien civilisation, and it is both realistic and romantic. A really likable novel.

AMONG THE DAUGHTERS (W. H. Allen. 18s.) is more than twice as long, about four times as ambitious and by no means as successful as the last two American novels. It is, principally, about a deliciously pretty girl who trains as a dancer, has a considerable success both on and off the New York stage, a number of casual and, on her part, politely enthusiastic affairs, learns a great deal from her new and exotic acquaintances, and finally falls despairingly in love. Miss Angna Enters, who has written this kaleidoscopic story, has some diverting passages about the impresarios and actors, hostesses and harpists who colour the background of her heroine's essentially innocent life, but the cumulative effect is rather overwhelming, with its elaborate reconstruction of New York in the '20's.

M. Maurice Druon has gone back almost 700 years for the subject of his novel, THE IRON KING (Rupert Hart-Davis. 15s.), which is a study of Philip IV of France, the king who may be regarded as the founder of the centralised French State. Rather as the death of Richard III marked the end of the Middle Ages in this country, so it was with the reign of Philip IV in his own. Between 1285 and 1314 he altered the balance of power between the Royal authority and the feudal system, was the scourge of the papacy and transplanted the papal centre from Rome to Avignon. M. Druon, whose brilliant book has been translated by Mr. Humphrey Hare, writes of historical fact and gives it vitality.

GERMAN SPY CHIEF

The Character of Admiral Canaris

Perhaps the most astonishing personality thrown up by the Second World War was Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, Chief of the German Military Intelligence. This man, who came of a prosperous Westphalian industrial family, was a most "correct" sort of person from the German point of view, having begun his career in the old Imperial Navy. But Canaris was all things to all men, he wanted a finger in every pie, he was both crafty and furtive. Round him the inner drama of the German Intelligence Service unfolded; he was for the most part an inactive member of the secret opposition to Hitler. To National Socialism he was a dead loss and to the Allies a very doubtful advantage. In THE DOWNFALL OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE (William Kimber. 18s.) Karl Bartz shows very clearly the nebulous character of Canaris, and we can hazard a guess that it will be years yet before his mysterious role will be fully understood.

"I speak of Africa and golden joys," wrote Shakespeare, and this quotation aptly sums up the theme of Kathleen Courlander's new travel book. Hers is not a political book set against the sombre background of the Reef shantytowns, the Indian question of Natal, or the problems of the poor white in the Cape Province. I SPEAK OF AFRICA (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a simple travelogue, a tale of places and people encountered in the burning sunshine of an African summer, a mellow autumn, and a golden spring. The author is at her happiest in the Cape, the historic land of the Huguenot settlers, the smiling land of vineyards and fruit farms; but wherever she goes she is an indefatigable seeker out of facts and figures, and if her method is conventional and her book covers much (but little new) ground, it is none the less excellent in its way.

Hugh Merrick, whose writings on Himalayan exploration are well known to SPHERE readers, reveals no mean skill as a translator from the German in presenting Joachim G. Leithäuser's WORLDS BEYOND THE HORIZON (Allen and Unwin. 40s.). This is a history of discovery and adventure from the days of Columbus up to the present, when we are making serious preparations for interplanetary travel. In it are traced the fabulous careers of all those impassioned men whose lives were expended upon the exploration of the world's remotest parts. They include the pathfinders Columbus, Magellan and Vasco da Gama; the conquerors like Cortez and Pizarro; the trappers and hunters like Champlain and de la Salle; and explorers of the calibre of Livingstone, Stanley, Humboldt, Peary, Amundsen and Byrd. The final chapter, entitled "Irruption into the Universe," is perhaps the most fascinating of all. The author is at pains to show the truly German origin of rocket technique, although paying tribute to American research which has given both electric brains and nerves to the new vehicles of interplanetary travel. In his all-embracing survey, Joachim Leithäuser has recalled the ghastly perils which beset the old navigators. But they seem as nothing compared with those which appear to await the space traveller of a few years or decades hence.

Douglas Rutherford, in THE CHEQUERED FLAG (Collins. 16s.), has written an admirable book for the modern-day motor-racing enthusiast. The author spent last summer travelling through Europe to watch the Mille Miglia, the European Grand Prix at Monaco, which was Ascari's last race, the Belgian, British and Italian Grand Prix at Spa, Aintree and Monza. He contrasts the varying styles of the notable drivers of the day, and in every way it seems he has written a book that will appeal strongly to the motor-racing fan of 1956.

Alan Savory's deep love of the countryside shines clear from the pages of his new book, LAZY RIVERS (Geoffrey Bles. 16s.). His descriptions of shooting, fishing or fowling in the marshes of East Anglia are a delight. He is sparing of adjectives, precise in detail and careful in observation.

Collins New Classics are neatly produced and offer some advantages over the pocket editions familiar throughout the world for more than half a century. Certainly the larger page is acceptable, although this is not a very marked improvement, but the printing is excellent, being smoother in every way, Three new titles in the series are THE FORTY-FIVE GUARDSMEN, by Alexandre Dumas; CHICOT THE JESTER, by Alexandre Dumas (each published at 6s. 6d.), and 58 SHORT STORIES, by O. Henry (price 5s. 6d.). The last-named shows O. Henry the New Yorker and O. Henry the Westerner.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

BOURNEMOUTH IS BOUNTIFUL. I have written these words before and am likely to do so again. For family reasons my wife and I go there quite often, and we are always impressed by the all-season attractions for all ages. This town has a wonderful system of trolley-buses, sensibly designed in that you enter at the rear and alight from the front; consequently, bus queues are the best-mannered I have ever struck.

On our last visit, fascinated by the shops, I walked the length of the Old Christchurch Road from The Square to Lansdown. A book-shop offering new, second-hand and antiquarian books might have kept me for hours, but I was due for a family lunch at *The Chesterwood Hotel*, which stands on the East Cliff, about midway between Bournemouth and Boscombe piers. There I met Mr. Gillie Potter, father-in-law of Mr. Peter Jamieson, who is the Resident Director of *Chesterwood*. Both he and his staff have a profound regard for the needs, the whims and the foibles of their resident and holiday guests. As a consequence, we have never detected any signs of stinting in the food, heating or in service.

Fortunate are those who reside here from October to March, on the most favourable of terms. Mr. Jamieson makes no secret of the fact that a "full house" through the autumn and winter is an assurance against the delicate mechanism of hotel organisation getting out of tune. Fortunate, too, are those who elect to spend their holidays here. Built on two floors only, every aspect and every room pleases, but in particular the ample lounge space, the well-spaced dining-room, the ballroom and the first-floor bedrooms, some of which have their own balconies.

I have heard it said that there are some 3,000 hotels in Bournemouth. Whether that is so or not is of little consequence. Thirty is about the maximum that we know personally, and of these there is sufficient selection to suit all tastes and purposes.

On a previous visit I was in search of some hotels which cater for parents with young children. There is a host of difference between the hotel that takes children and those which take 'to' them. We have found two, and in neither case do tiny tots monopolise the scene, but in each the management supplies cots and high chairs, and can arrange for nappy service and sitting in. Thus the holiday can be a *real* holiday for husband and wife.

One of our discoveries was *Hotel Courtlands*, in Boscombe, standing amidst lawns and pine trees with a sea outlook. For the uninitiated, we would stress that Boscombe and Bournemouth are indivisible except for a chine. The two piers are a little over a mile apart and a Marine Drive, surely one of the finest promenades on the South Coast, connects the two places. The foundation of our recommendation of this hotel is based, as is so often the case, on the resident and actively-minded directorate, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lanz and family, who are indefatigable in anticipating their visitors' needs, and are gifted with the ability of acquiring and retaining a contented staff.

In the winter months central heating keeps the whole hotel at an even temperature and there are gas-fires as well in the bedrooms. At holiday time competitions are laid on for those who care to participate in tennis (hard courts and table), billiards and snooker. Dances, too, are held about three times a week, with a radio-gram. available for the impromptu "hop." Well-proportioned public rooms, light sunny bedrooms and a pleasing dining-room (the kitchens were some of the cleanest we have ever passed through) impressed us with the suitability of *Courtlands* for autumn and winter residence.

Studland Dene Hotel, at Alum Chine, is another great draw for parents of young children, especially as Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Knight co-operate with them in full measure. So far as we are aware, there is not one hotel along the whole stretch of coastline from Canford Cliffs to Southbourne which stands at the edge of the sea. *Studland Dene* has the advantage that it can claim to be closer to the sea than any other, for without crossing the road, sea and sands can be reached in half a minute.

Few of the many thousands who visit Bournemouth know Alum Chine, which surprisingly enough is only a mile's level walk along the sea promenade from Bournemouth Pier, or a quarter of an hour by bus to the Square. No motor-coaches are allowed here, and devoid of shops, shows and stalls, it has no attraction for the day-tripper. *Studland Dene* is open all the year round, and quite a number of business and professional men whose vocations bring them to the Bournemouth area stay here at regular intervals. The reasons—for it is not central—are its sunny position, with windows looking out on to the sea, the garage facilities it offers, the straightforward homely fare, the companionship of the *Studland Dene* Club Bar below stairs, and the absence of "permanent residents."

It would be a poor year if we did not stay at *Harbour Heights Hotel*, Canford Cliffs, during one of our Bournemouth visits. If any hotel had a silver spoon laid in its foundation-stone it was this one. Never do we enter our bedroom there (usually No. 3) without saying, "This is Heaven." The view over Poole Harbour, Brownsea Island and the Purbecks beyond is past my descriptive powers. Fortunate, too, is this favoured hotel in having such energetic and friendly resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Macleod. Intensely keen on good food, wine, service and everything that tends to hotel efficiency, they ensure that a stay here is always a pleasant break. Although this hotel has a Bournemouth postal address, it comes for licensing under the Poole Justices, who early this year granted *Harbour Heights* not only a full licence, but also an extended supper licence.

"Bournemouth is bountiful." Whether you are seeking an hotel for holiday or autumn or winter residence, it may be that I might be able to supply the answer to fit the need.

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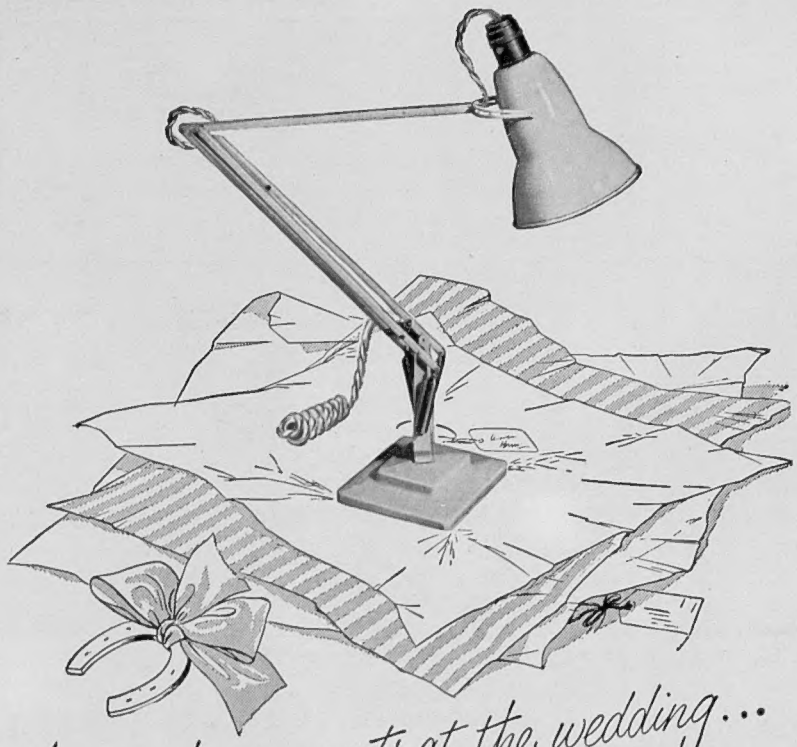

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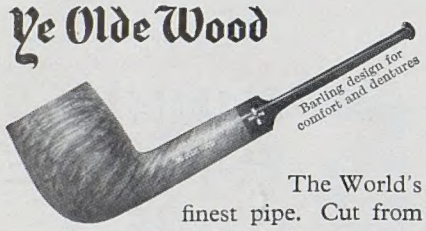

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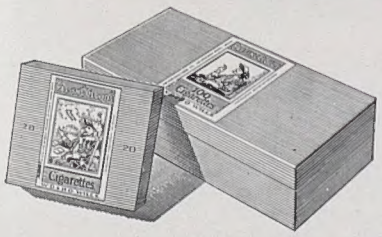

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